

The **Big Business** **of Life**



Ralph Parlette





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The Big Business of Life

***The Business of Abolishing Work and
Turning this World Back
into a Playground***

**Success for Everybody and
within Everybody's Grasp**

By Ralph Parlette

Author of "The University of Hard Knocks"

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51

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Let's Talk It Over

“PLEASE FORGET that we are going to have a lecture,” I have many times asked of audiences at the outset. “Please let us feel as tho just you and I, just the two of us, were sitting in your home or mine talking over these things. I know that when I am in an audience and somebody comes out on the platform to speak, I generally feel that it is a ‘show’ or ‘performance.’ Somehow he does not get as close to me as tho the two of us were sitting down and talking it over between ourselves. Let us make this a personal, heart-to-heart talk, for that is the way I feel about it.”

Big Business—what is that? Standard Oil? Trusts? Railroads? Oh, no! Ever so much bigger—the business that underlies all business—the Business of Being Ourselves.

I congratulate you as I congratulate myself that we have the wonderful privilege of Being Ourselves. Nobody else can be Ourselves, and we can be nobody else.

And Being Ourselves—Being What We Are Planned To Be—is the supreme success and hap-

piness. Each one of us can be supremely successful and happy.

How? In what follows I shall try to tell you how, as I see it.

* * *

“What Career Shall I Choose?”


O, how we worry over that question! Did you ever hear anybody asking, “What career shall I choose?” Did you ever hear a father asking, “What career shall I choose for my child?”

As tho we could choose a career like we choose a necktie or a farm or an automobile!

Why not as well ask, “What color of hair shall I choose? Shall I choose to be tall or short, stout or slender?”

An apple-sprout might as well ask, “What career shall I choose? Shall I be an apple tree or a gooseberry bush?”

A minnow might as well ask, “What career shall I choose? Shall I be a fish, a flower or a bird? If I choose a seafaring career, as father strongly advises, shall I be a turtle or a tadpole, a clam or a codfish, a whale or a porpoise? Each has its advantages and its disadvantages. I think the profession is terribly overcrowded, and I shall be a peach or a pippin.”

The fledgeling might as well ask, "What career shall I choose? If I choose aviation or an ornithological career, shall I be a redbird, a bluebird or a blackbird? Shall I be a crow, a canary or a cockatoo? But really I see so many rushing into the air I fear the field will be overcrowded."

The plant just breaking thru the soil in the garden might as well ask, "What career shall I choose? Shall I be an onion, a radish, a tomato, a carrot, a cauliflower, a cucumber or a dill pickle? I am inclined to be a strawberry, for strawberries are bringing such a high price in the market to-day."

The flowers in our front yards could as well ask, "What career shall I choose? Shall I be a pansy, a poppy or a peony, a carnation, a rose, a lilac or a hollyhock?"

We cannot choose a career; the career chooses us. The apple-sprout never makes a mistake. The onion never makes a mistake, nor does the minnow, the bird or the flower. None of them have to go to some vocational diagnostician to know what to be. Something inside tells them what to be. Little faculties and talents cry out to be used, and they follow these calls.

I believe none of us ever need mistake our career if we follow the calls from within.

Isn't this the reason there is so much work,

worry, fuss, trial and tribulation among mortals, and none among the plants, flowers and "lower animals"? We toil and tribulate trying to make ourselves into unnatural "careers," while they "toil not, neither do they spin," and yet they deliver the perfect, ripened goods!

We can only chose whether we will be Ourselves or something unnatural. We can only choose whether we will follow the mariner's compass of our life or let the winds and tides sweep us on the rocks.

There are only two jobs in the world—living and making a living. Further over in this talk I call them "thimble jobs" and "meal ticket jobs"—things that we love to do, which is living, and things that we have to do, which is making a living.

So many of us have been so busy these years making a living, we haven't done much living. We have been so busy getting things, we haven't had time to be.

We have been so busy trying to get happiness, we haven't had time to be happy!

Don't worry, don't hurry! We are not missing anything. What is ours waits on us and comes to us just as fast as we let it.

Let your light shine!

Find your "thimbles!"

Turning Work into Play

The Big Business of Life is the business of being happy. It is the business of being our natural self. It is the business, then, of abolishing all work and struggle and turning this world back into a playground.

Study about that word "back."

I am getting down on work. I refuse to work. Work is the curse of Cain upon the race. I beg of you never to work. If you have ever worked, promise never to work again. If you know anybody who does work, get him to stop this pernicious life-shortening practice.

Do I mean to quit our activities? O, no, I mean to increase them, naturalize them, and thus turn them into play.

Work breaks people down; play builds people up.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Yes, but all play and no work makes Jack an artist!

I am just beginning to "become as a little child." Just relearning how to play. I used to work very hard having "careers" and things. I spoke often of my work before men, accounting it a great virtue. I would say, "I am so busy!" "I am just overwhelmed with work." "I have to work night and day." "I haven't a minute

I can call my own." I felt so flattered when people would say, "Poor man! He is such a hard worker. He is breaking himself down with hard work!"

I went around posing as a martyr to a duty. I carried the world on my shoulders like another Atlas. What would the world ever do if I should ever break down? Like Chanticleer, how could the sun rise if I did not crow at two in the morning? I worried for myself and took in worrying for others. I did plain and ornamental worrying on the shares.

Now I smile at these performances. Now I know when a man is "too busy" he is confessing lack of interest. The man who hasn't time to do anything is the loafer. The man who is "too busy" lacks heart and vision in his work, not time for it. We have time for everything our heart calls us to do. The busiest man can take on the most new load. The world does not rest upon anybody's shoulders, nor does it particularly need anybody. But we need the world for a playground. We are not saving the world, we are saving ourselves by serving the world and playing the game. The man who takes himself seriously is the real humorist.

I am getting so I can play ten to twenty hours a day without getting too busy. I have exchanged my baby rattlebox for a typewriter, and rattling

it is more fun. I used to play "two old cat" and run the bases, but playing lyceum and chautauqua circuits and running for trains is a lot more fun today. I used to play at being an editor when I was a boy, but it is more fun today as a gray, grizzled boy being editor with real printers and real presses.

So isn't it a wonderful discovery that all this world is just a playground! That running banks, mills, shops, stores, schools, studios, farms, homes is just playing greater, happier games with finer toys and tools! Here's for a finer game today than you and I have ever before played!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ralph Parlette". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

Chicago, Ill., October 1, 1919.

What's in It?

LET'S TALK IT OVER—A visit with you first—We cannot choose a career—We can only be our natural self or a failure—Quitting work and learning to play—Nobody too busy—Grownup work just greater games than childhood games

5

I. THE BUSINESS OF SUCCEEDING, "Press the Button!"—Success not in getting the gold bands, diamonds and big house on the outside of the flashlight, but in letting the inside shine out—"Shine your light!"—All seeking happiness, whatever we do, wherever we go—Amazing efforts to be happy—Only two places in which to seek happiness, Outside and Inside—Little Business and Big Business

15

II. THE OUTSIDERS, The Little Business of Getting—"Goin' from where dey are to where dey ain't"—Childhood confessions, my toe, the moon, the hornets' nest—Getting to Carcassonne—Each envies the other—The "tired business man" and why—Happy and unhappy children—King "Got-it-All" hunts for the shirt of the contented man—Happiness not on the Outside, but on the Inside.....

24

III. THE INSIDERS, The Big Business of Being—Aladdin and his wonderful lamp the truth about ourselves—The difference between work and play—Quit work and turn all living into play—"Becoming as a little child"—The child Jesus in Big Business—All nature at play—Being what we are created to be, the only success—Success the natural condition for everybody—Playing "Find the Thimble"—We are all "called"—The call of Samuel—The fiddle calling the boy—Get out of your cage!—The rejuvenation of "Napoleon Bonaparte".....

38

IV. GETTING EDUCATED, Learning to Follow the Calls—Life is expression, not repression—Specialize on the "warmer" studies—Confessions of a "blockhead"—Some famous "blockheads"—Barnum on mistaking vocations—The calling of Biddy Brahma—Father's chicken was a duck—Dodging the pulpit for the printshop—Behind the scenes with a platform lecturer—Parents should let child develop naturally—Rejoice in your job or find the job you can make your playground.....

66

- V. YES, YOU CAN!** Find Your "Thimbles" and "Meal-Tickets"—You can make your dreams come true—Follow that inside call—The early struggles of Schumann-Heink—Distinguish between true calls and false calls—Why Nordica said don't try for grand opera—Go home and sing—Amateurs happy in their efforts—Go on writing, even if editors reject your stuff—If unable to live on "thimble" job, get a "meal-ticket" job—Don't work for a living, live for a work—Fall in love with your work, marry it and be happy..... 90
- VI. WHY AM I NOT HAPPIER?** Press More Buttons—Unhappy printing plant becomes happy when striking pressmen return and press the buttons—Starting our idle batteries—The idlers and incompetents—The Big and Little Businessmen in the community—Educational snobbery—We are free and equal—Each has a natural monopoly of his own talents—Not playing for the gate receipts—Enlarge your playground—The trainman who cheered us—Give the little things—All of us parts of the humanity watch—Big Business the business of brotherhood..... 111
- VII. GET YOUR PAY NOW,** In Your Heart, Not in Your Pocket—Success and salary not synonyms—Salaries often world's confessions—Most successful often poorest salaried but best paid—Why we take money for our work—We can only own as we earn—Big Business pay all C. O. D.—All players are artists—Michael Angelo, Edison, Sunday, "Sadie," great players, not workers—The aristocracy of workmanship—The cure for jealousy—The highly paid people—The successful old failure—How my old teacher won "The Dirty Dozen"—Analyze your motives—Get your full reward today and close the books—Look out for the selfish motive 137
- VIII. GREATER SUCCESS FOR EVERYBODY,** It is Right at Your Hand—People can find happiness everywhere—Nobody "off the main line"—Beautiful landscapes right around you—The "Bluebird" can come to every home—Happiness more than "Cheer up!" and "Grin and bear it!"—Jesus the man of happiness, not "The Man of Sorrows"—Organizing Flashlight Clubs in Schools—Success shines in our faces—Bryan a type of successful defeat—Irrigating the "Great American Desert"—Turning Troubles into jewels—The world already a playground school—Big Business the long-sought Philosopher's Stone 170

The Big Business of Life

THE BIG BUSINESS OF LIFE

THE business of being happy.

* * *

The business of being ourselves.

* * *

The business of getting naturalized.

* * *

The business of turning our work into play.

* * *

The business of making our talents shine.

* * *

The business of being what we are created
to be.

* * *

The business of getting our happiness *in-*
side and not *outside*.

* * *

The business of getting our happiness *now*
in our work and not *tomorrow* for our
work.

The Big Business of Life

CHAPTER I

THE BUSINESS OF SUCCEEDING

“Press the Button!”

(The Lecturer holds a flashlight before the audience.)

WHAT is the matter with my flashlight? Why isn't it a success? It comes from one of the oldest and most exclusive flashlight factories in the land. The owners of the company trace their ancestry back to the Mayflower. My flashlight has been finished under the best masters.

But it does not shine!

“Flashlight, succeed! Do your duty! Get busy! Shine!”

I go up and down the street asking people, “What is the matter with my flashlight? How can I make it a success?”

So many people say, “Why, man, what do you expect for a dollar? Your flashlight is only brass. Nothing as cheap as that can be a success. Get gold bands around it if you want to get it recog-

nized as a successful flashlight. Success costs money nowadays."

"O, thank you!" I go to work and toil and sacrifice, cheered with the thought that afterwhile my flashlight will have the gold bands around it, and it will be a success. And when I get the gold bands around it, I say, "Gold-mounted flashlight, at last you are a success."

But it does not shine! It is a gold-mounted failure.

"Put diamonds around it, set it with jewels," says a society queen. "Once you make your flashlight brilliant with gems, it will be the most beautiful and sought-after flashlight in the city. It simply must get the recognition of the elite to succeed and get on at all."

"O, thank you, Miss Queen." I toil on getting the gems. I am years making it glitter. "Now, jeweled flashlight, succeed!"

But it does not shine! It is only a diamond-mounted failure.

"You are on the right track," says a solid citizen in juiceless tones. "You simply haven't gone far enough to make it a success. It lives in too poor a part of the city. Nothing could succeed down there in Tin Can Alley. You must get it into a big house up among our best people. Put it in a big stone house with a landscape garden up on Millionaire Row, and as the people pass

they will say, 'There is one of the most successful flashlights in this city. Just think! It came here just a dollar brass flashlight, and now see where it lives!' "

"O, thank you, Mr. Solid Citizen. I am only in middle life now, and I'll yet be able to put it in the big house." I toil my declining years getting the big house. I get it into the mansion, get it into "Who's Who" and what's what, with a flock of servants and flunkies. "See, Millionaire Row flashlight, what a grand success you are!"

But it does not shine! It is only a big-house failure!

I am old and worn-out. Every hope I had for my flashlight is blasted. Life is a failure. I have nothing more to live for. Life is just delusion, just mockery, just pursuit and never possession. Let me die!

* * *

Along comes a little bird. "What's the matter, man? Why these tears?"

"Life is a failure. All these years I have tried to make my flashlight a success. I have put gold bands around it, set diamonds over it, put it in a big house, but it does not shine. I have taken it to all the specialists. There is no hope."

"Why don't you press the button?"

Of course, I pay no attention to such a simple-minded creature. What could it possibly know about success? But the idea haunts me. Is there a button to it? What? That? One day I press the button!

IT SHINES! It is a success!

Well! Well! It was so simple I missed it. Why didn't that little bird come along years ago? Now the light pours forth. It is a success anywhere—a success in brass, a success in gold, in jewels; a success in Tin Can Alley, a success on Millionaire Row. For its success isn't what is outside of it, but what is inside of it coming out.

* * *

“Shine Your Light!”

Here is the story of Big Business—and of Little Business. I need not take a lot of time explaining. You have it now.

We are all flashlights of different kinds—big and little. Each of us is equipped with batteries of talents and abilities. Our Big Business is to shine. But instead of pressing the button, most people spend their lives trying to get the gold bands, the diamonds and the big houses.

“Press the button!” “Let your light shine,” said the Master. That does not mean to let your

light shine when you feel like it. The original Greek puts it imperatively. It is a command. "Shine your light!" It isn't optional. We must make our batteries shine.

So, then, Big Business is the business of making our light shine. Big Business is the business of being what we are created to be. All other busy-ness is Little Business. Big Business is Inside Business. Little Business is Outside Business. Big Business is Being. Little Business is Getting.

Success is shining. There is no other. It alone brings happiness. It is for everybody, everywhere. PRESS THE BUTTON!

* * *

All Seeking Happiness

Happiness is the universal goal.

We got up this morning to be happy. We often think that to lie in bed would be greater happiness, but if we do, the neighbors talk about us, and business suffers. So we average it and get up.

Most of us are happier going with the majority than being non-conformists.

I used to dream that some day I'd be so rich I'd wind my alarm-clock and set it to go off early, and then when it did go off, I would smash it with

my shoe and sleep all day. But I am learning as I look around at the rich and retired, who do not have to get up with alarm-clocks, that most of the happy people do have to get up when some bell rings.

I used to worry when a boy about having to wash my face every morning—and so far around, clear back of my ears! I am learning that I have to do so many things I at first did not want to do, in order that I may be able to do the things I do like to do.

We all have to build considerable track to get over to our playgrounds and to fence them in and buy ball-bats.

* * *

Whatever we do, we are doing it to be happy, whether we realize it or not.

Some people take a cold bath every morning to be happy. I often think many of them get most of their happiness telling other people about it. There be other tribes and peoples who believe the way to be happy is to boycott all bathtubs.

The boy is playing his cornet to be happy. The neighbors are praying for him to quit to be happy.

The boy wants to be a man to be happy. The man wants to be a boy to be happy.

The father says to his son, "My child, come hither!" The child obeys—to be happy!

Just look down the street. Look at the throng of men, women, children pushing, crowding, elbowing, jostling, struggling to be happy. Most of them trying to beat the rest somewhere to find happiness. Fathers, mothers, children, preachers, peddlers, policemen, tramps, travelers, butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers. A million going a million different ways to be happy. One is hurrying home to be happy. Another is hurrying away from home to be happy. One is hunting somebody to be happy. Another is dodging somebody to be happy. One is seeking employment to be happy. Another is avoiding employment to be happy.

One is going to the country to be happy. Another is going to the city to be happy. One is going to heaven, another is going to hell, to be happy. One is lying to others, another is lying to himself, to be happy.

* * *

I look over the old family album and marvel as I study the daguerreotypes of one generation, the tintypes of another and the platinum prints and kodaks of yet another—marvel at what humanity has suffered in the name of style to be happy. We have pinched our feet and stretched •

our necks and punctured our purses to be happy. We have worn gauze in winter and furs in dog-days to be happy. I look at the stovepipe hats of Lincoln's day, and at the old-fashioned hoops that were happiness of the gentler sex. They looked like haystacks or circus-tents. Mother looked like an umbrella—opened. Daughter to-day looks like an umbrella—closed!

Daughter would be very unhappy today to wear what yesterday would have thrilled her with happiness. "Better be out of the world than out of style."

The maiden puts powder on her nose and shoots her coy glances to be happy. The soldier puts the powder in his gun and shoots steel-nosed bullets to be happy. The captive surrenders to either to be happy!

What we call civilization is just the network of activities we have imposed upon barbarism with the idea of making the barbarians happier. And laws are merely the rules the majority believe are necessary to secure happiness. The stone age individualist did what he pleased to be happy. Now he does what the majority pleases that the majority may be happy.

The preacher who preaches the happiness of right living is winning the world. The oldtime hellfire dispenser of the doctrine of unhappiness and fear faces emptying pews.

Even the man who does not believe happiness possible for him goes right on carrying his burdens to be happy. He realizes he would be more unhappy to drop them on his toes. If he ends his life, is it not because he believes he will be "happier dead than alive?"

* * *

Outside or Inside of Us

Yes, we are all seeking happiness, whether we know it or not.

There are only two places in which to seek happiness—Outside of us and Inside of us.

That is, in Getting or in Being.

This feverish, struggling, unsatisfied old world goes on hunting happiness in a million different places, but they all divide into two classes—Outsiders and Insiders: Little Businessmen and Big Businessmen.

CHAPTER II

THE OUTSIDERS

The Little Business of Getting

ALMOST everybody is trying to get something to be happy. The people are trying to get the gold bands, the diamonds, the big house on the outside of the flashlight, instead of pressing the button.

They let just enough light shine to decorate their outside. They try to outshine their neighbors, and they become out-shine instead of in-shine.

“When I can just get that I’ll be happy!” And they go on trying to get a big house, a farm, a fortune; trying to get into the papers, into society, into office.

They get into the big house and it becomes just as monotonous as the little house—more monotonous, for there is more of it to get monotonous! They find that lobster salad gets just as tasteless as mush and milk to their fevered palates. They find that silk gets as hateful as calico on a discontented, disappointed back. They find that managing a million is more trouble than manag-

ing a mule. They find that every vote that puts them into office is not a boost but a burden—a liability, not an asset.

And the siren Goddess of Get says, "Get more! You'll find happiness when you get more!"

* * *

"George, where are all these people going?" a traveler asked a porter on a California-bound train loaded with tourists.

"Doan' know, boss, but I tink dey's goin' from where dey are to where dey ain't."

The feeling grows upon me that this fever to get things is just "goin' from where dey are to where dey ain't"—moving from the Inside to the Outside.

* * *

Only One Happy Getting

Yes, we must all get things—get them, not for the sake of getting, but as wires to conduct the flow of our batteries of talents from the Inside to the Outside. Keep them insulated, else they will shock, benumb and kill!

Get them as the boy gets the ball-bat—so that he can play a better game of ball. Get them as

the carpenter gets tools—so that he can better build. Get them as Uncle Sam got his billions in the Liberty Loan—not that he could become the richest nation, but that he could “make the world safe for democracy.”

Get the nice clothes and the new house—not to gratify a selfish pride but that a beautiful Inside may be reflected in a beautiful Outside.

All other getting is like piling up snowballs. We press them to our bosom and they freeze our heart. And then melt!

* * *

Childhood Confessions

When asked, “In what state were you born?” I generally reply, “In two states—in a state of nudity and a state of discontent.”

I began to cry for things outside of me with my first wail. I was so unhappy. I wanted everything I saw. I kept telling them I wasn’t happy. “Wah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!” That meant, “I’m not ha-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-appy!”

I did not speak their language. The barbarians around my crib worked night and day to make me happy by making me more unhappy. They handled me, dandled me, dangled me, strangled me, scrambled me, addled me, paddled me, and

perpetrated other loving atrocities I can't remember. There was something doing every minute.

One day I saw something wiggle at the other end of the cradle. It was a little pink thing that stuck out from under the covers. "Ah! What is that? I want that. Here, you barbarians, get me my toe. I want my toe. I'll be happy if I can get that pink thing that wiggles down there."

Nobody got me my toe. I had to get it myself. It was hard work getting my toe. It has always been hard for me to make both ends meet!

At last I got my toe. I put it in the only pocket a baby has. But my toe didn't taste half as good as I thought it would. I got tired of it right away after getting it.

"Wah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!"

* * *

Then I saw something shiny right up there thru the window. "Ah! That is what I want—that shiny thing up there. I want the moon. Here, you barbarians, get me the moon. Wah-ah-ah-ah-ah!"

Nobody got me the moon. I had to get it myself. It was hard work getting the moon. I would reach for it, but the old moon would move away. I didn't get the moon at all. I reached so far out

of the crib I fell out and bumped my head on the floor.

I didn't get the moon—I got a sore head. I have seen so many people since that time—so much larger babies, too!—crying and struggling to get the moon to be happy. I have never seen any of them get the moon, but I have seen a lot of sore-heads!

* * *

And I remember one day when I was “right smart of a boy” (with the accent on the “smart”) I was going with father thru the woods back of our cabin home. I saw a queer, round thing hanging to a limb of a tree over our heads. It looked like it was made of gray paper, and about a foot in diameter.

“O, father, look at that round gray-paper thing up there. I want that. Let me get that.”

Father was not interested at all. He took me by the arm and led me away. “Have respect for dumb brutes, my boy. You don't want that. You wouldn't know what to do with that thing if you had it. You would be very sorry if you got it. And furthermore, I forbid you to get it.”

That settled it. I got it. What I am telling you now is one of the warmest, keenest, most vivid memories of my boyhood. I can never forget that

gray-paper ball that I got that day. Father went away and I kept thinking about it. "Father is a nice old man, but he isn't up-to-date. He doesn't know what a boy needs nowadays to make him happy. I just got to get that gray-paper thing hanging up in that tree and find out what it is."

I went back to that tree. There it was hanging up there on the limb. "I am going to be very happy. Watch me get happy." I got a long pole and joyously jabbed it up into that gray-paper ball. It fell!

* * *

Father was right! I shall not tell you what happened. I want you to be happy. I do not want this lecture to be so exciting. It was a painful subject for a long time. I did not want it. I did not know what to do with it after I got it. I was very sorry I got it!

It was a hornets' nest!

* * *

These three childhood memories tell me about all the world has ever gotten on the Outside. If we don't get it, we have a sore head. If we do get it we soon get tired of it—or get stung!

Hunting for "Carcassonne"

So the cynic says, "Happiness is in pursuit, not in possession!" How ardently we have debated that in our literary societies! So the poor old French peasant sighed his life thru in that wonderful poem, "Carcassonne," by Gustave Nadaud:

"I'm growing old; just threescore years,
In wet and dry, in dust and mire,
I've sweated, never getting near
Fulfillment of my heart's desire.
Ah, well I see that bliss below
'Tis heaven's will to grant to none;
Harvest and vintage come and go—
I've never got to Carcassonne!"

Thru the years this peasant toiled and dreamed of the happiness in store for him if he could just see the gay city and the people of Carcassonne "five long leagues" away.

"So sighed a peasant of Limoux,
A worthy neighbor, bent and worn;
Ho, friend, quoth I, I'll go with you,
We'll sally forth tomorrow morn!
And true enough, away we hied,
But when our goal was almost won,
God rest his soul, the good man died—
He never got to Carcassonne!"

Outsiders always die before they get to "Carcassonne." Insiders find "Carcassonne" comes to them. It is all around them, and they see it as they press the button and let their light shine.

The peasant of Limoux would not have been as happy in "Carcassonne" as he was down in his vineyard in the valley, for he would have been a misfit there. He was "goin' from where dey are to where dey ain't."

The old cow is a rank Outsider when she stands in a good pasture and looks yearningly over the fence into the cornfield. "O, if I could just get over the fence into 'Carcassonne,' I would be the happiest cow in the world." So Sister Cow leaves her real "Carcassonne," jumps the fence, and becomes the unhappiest cow in the county.

The first piece of pie tastes the best!

The meek and patient mule has been jeered at and joked about. But take off your hat to the mule. He is not an Outsider. He is a Big Business mule. He can be in an ocean of food, but he never eats more than enough to satisfy his hunger. Nothing can induce him to overeat. You never saw a dyspeptic mule.

* * *

Each Envies the Other

"Carcassonne" is written on the faces of the

hurrying crowd in the city. "Carcassonne" is the guide-post along the country road. The rich man in the Game of Get rides thru the country in his car. "There is the happy man," he says as he looks over into the field where a farmer with his sleeves rolled up is hard at work. "There is the happy man. He has the carefree life. He lives in the fresh air and sunshine. It is a dog's life I live shut up in my office. O, I wish I were over in that field where I could be happy!"

And that farmer over in the field, if he is also an Outsider, straightens the kinks out of his back and looks over at the man in the big car. "There is the happy man. He has the carefree life. He has nothing to do but ride around, wear good clothes, live in the city and have everything that money can buy. It is a dog's life I live on this old farm. If I were only over in that car I'd be happy."

"Button! Button! Who's got the button?"

* * *

This is why we have to have so many shows specially designed for the "tired business man." This Outside business makes them tired.

And speaking of shows, did you ever study the eager, expectant look of the crowd roped off waiting their turn to get into the theatre when the

fourteenth episode of "Blood and Thunder" was grinding? They just know when they can get inside they will be happy. And the crowd inside just know when they can get outside they will be happy!

* * *

The most peevish, unhappy baby in the world is the one that gets continually entertained and humored. On the other side of the fence lived a rich boy who was showered with beautiful, costly toys. He threw them around and broke them. He had little joy in them. I used to think if I could only have one of them. I would be very happy. I had no "boughten" toys; all my toys I had to make myself. One day his father gave him the most beautiful toy boat I ever saw. How I envied him! I whittled out a little boat with my jack-knife and made a rag sail for it. I had a lot of joy sailing my little boat. I had made it myself.

Presently the other boy threw his big boat away. "Gimme your boat," he said. "You have more fun with that kind."

Just so, the unhappiest people are the ones who hunt outside for it. The unhappiest people are the ones who have every want gratified, who overwork every nerve of pleasure, who exhaust every sensation.

It is fine to have good food, good clothes, good homes. These things make us more efficient and comfortable. But being comfortable is not being happy. Some of the people most comfortably situated are the unhappiest, for they are Outsiders. And some of the people most uncomfortably situated are the happiest, for they are Insiders. It is fine to fill the stomach, but that does not necessarily fill the heart!

* * *

Old King Got-It-All

You remember him? He got it all—all on the Outside. He had his palaces, his jewels, his robes, his feasts, his music, his fame, and all the machinery of his kingdom to make him happy on the Outside.

But he had nothing on the Inside. He was the most selfish, vain creature in his kingdom, therefore, the unhappiest. He was so unhappy that he offered a reward to anybody who could cheer him up. He bade his chefs prepare him more wondrous feasts, but they only filled him with dyspepsia. He ordered his royal opera company to sing more loudly, "There is no king but Got-It-All," and yet his grouch grew.

One day King Got-It-All called his soothsayers,

magicians, counselors, astrologers, zoologists, psychologists and the other grand highs of his palace together. "I am so unhappy I cannot live. I haven't been happy for years. I haven't smiled for ages. I am going to die of a broken heart. Nobody ever was so unhappy as King Got-It-All. But you have to die first. Hearken! I give you only one more chance to live. Come back here at high noon tomorrow with a cure for my unhappiness, something that will bring the roses back to my cheeks, or, by my halidom, off come your heads! Grind the royal axe!"

Next day, after a sleepless night, the entire administration came back to cure King Got-It-All. One by one they appeared before him with a new cure for his unhappiness. Yet one by one he waved them aside.

There was only one left. He did not know what to say, for every known remedy for unhappiness had been offered him.

"Little runt down there at the end of the line, what have you to say before we ring up the hearses?" roared the sorrowing monarch.

"O, king," he replied in the inspiration born of desperation, "I think if you would hunt thru your kingdom and find a perfectly contented man, and wear his shirt, I believe you would be happy."

"Wear his shirt! O, aggregation of knavish mutts, this is too much! But just to show you

before we all die that I tried to save you, I'll do it. Hold the hearses! Ho! Find me a perfectly contented man. I want his shirt."

They telephoned. No—they didn't have telephones. But whatever they did, they did a lot of it. The king's messengers went everywhere hunting a contented man. They couldn't find one! It sounds like America, but it wasn't—it was Ethiopia, or Oklahoma, or some place away off. At last they did find a contented man, tho he was a slave. He didn't take the papers and didn't know about this hullabaloo.

"Ah! We have found you at last!" they shouted in triumph. "Come right along, sir, immediately. We have been hunting for you for days to make the king happy."

They led the slave with great rejoicing up the king's highway. The people shout, the newspapers get out extras. They have found the contented man at last, the king is going to be happy and the price of living is coming down!

They lead the slave up into the palace—up into the presence of the king to make him happy!

* * *

This story is so good this far I would rather not go on with it.

But the slave failed to make the king happy.
He had no shirt!

I do not know whether this ever happened or not. I read it out of the same book you have at home. But I know it is very true. The slave had nothing on the Outside to make him happy. It must have been on the Inside.

I dislike this chapter just as much as you do. I am so glad we are thru with it. It is like going thru a hospital or a morgue. But we had to go thru it to be honest with this subject, for it is the path most of us travel in our own lives.

Now let us go over into the real "Big Business."
"Press the button!"

CHAPTER III

THE INSIDERS

The Big Business of Being

“**M**ID PLEASURES and palaces, sadly I roam. Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.” Ah, John Howard Payne, you have spoken in “Home, Sweet Home” the heart of humanity!

Sooner or later all of us get tired of being Outsiders. Sooner or later we weary of the chase for painted bubbles and snowballs. Sooner or later every Prodigal Son wearies of the husks and turns homeward—turns back to the Inside, the only real home.

As a boy I read the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. Aladdin rubbed his lamp and the genii come to do his bidding. They did everything he commanded. Nothing was impossible to them. They turned the world into wonderland. They wove enchantments all around him.

“O, I want to be Aladdin! Where can I get an Aladdin lamp?”

“Child! There isn’t any such thing. That is just a fairy story,” everybody would tell me.

But I believed it was true. It seemed just like all true things. I always believed it true. And now I know it is true. I know why the oriental tale has lived these ages—it is founded on truth.

Aladdin's wonderful lamp is the flashlight we have been talking about all along! You and I are Aladdins! Our wonderful lamp is the lamp of our real being. As we press the button—rub the lamp—the light shines forth from the batteries of our being and transforms this tired, struggling, unsatisfied, hungry, worried, disappointed, sordid old world into a wonderland. Wherever we live, wherever we labor, as we let our light shine forth, it enchants every prospect.

We become kings and queens, lords of creation, our lives and paths radiant. And the wonderful lamp of our talents never exhausts with rubbing, but grows and brightens and strengthens.

And this world becomes a playground!

* * *

Players and Workers

See those children playing over there. They are having such a good time. They are working harder than grownups, but they call it play. They run their little legs off, they strain their little bodies, they yell their little throats hoarse, they

fall and bump themselves hard enough to shatter every bone in their bodies. But they are made of rubber! They drop asleep "all tired out"—tired of swinging, running, jumping, climbing—tired of play!

See those men on the other side of the road. They are working. You can tell with the naked eye they are working. They are having such a hard time of it. The clock runs too fast for the children at play; it runs too slow for the men at work. Yet the men are not working as hard as the children. They are merely having a harder time. They are watching the clock and working by the meter. They will fall asleep with the feeling they have a very hard life.

What is the difference between playing and working? The children are getting their pay while they do it. The men think they will get their pay after they do it.

When we play, we get our pay every day. When we work, we are never paid. We think we are going to get our pay Saturday night in our pocket. But we are only paid in our hearts—in the joy of doing. We are never paid in our pockets. Neither workers nor idlers are ever paid.

Getting money isn't getting pay. We take money for our work that we can go on working, just as the engine burns coal that it can go on running. We take money for our work to keep the

books balanced. We take it to be honest. We take it to be just to the other fellow. We may have to sue him to be just to him and teach him honesty. Teach him to value things.

Getting joy out of our work, is turning our work into play.

* * *

See that little boy playing horse with a broomstick. See that one playing he is a railroad train—choo! choo! choo! One is playing store, one is building a house out of sticks. One little girl is making mud pies on broken dishes, another is putting a rag dollbaby to sleep, with all the cares of a household upon her. O, what fun they are having!

But see there is a man driving a real horse and saying, "It's a dog's life I lead." There is a man keeping a real store and calling himself a slave. There is a man building a real house and saying, "My boy shall never be a carpenter!" There is a woman in a kitchen, another rocking a cradle, both saying, "I am beating my wings against a cage."

They have quit playing!

If the boy gets so much fun driving a broomstick horse, why shouldn't he have more fun as a grownup boy driving a real horse? If a boy

gets so much fun building a house of sticks, why shouldn't he get more fun out of building a real house with real tools? If a little girl gets so much fun out of making mud pies on broken dishes, why shouldn't she get more fun out of being in a real kitchen making pumpkin pies and apple pies? Yes, if she has so much joy putting a rag dollbaby to sleep, why shouldn't she have more joy beside a real cradle?

Why shouldn't we find the grownup world just a grownup, happier playground? The tools just bigger, finer toys? Aladdin, rub the lamp!

* * *

Work the Opposite of Play

Play is expressing ourself; work is repressing ourself—repressing, depressing, oppressing, compressing, suppressing!

Play is putting joy into life; work is taking joy out of life.

Play is LOVING to do things; work is HAVING to do things.

Play is living today; work is living tomorrow.

That is why we love to tell about "when I was a child." That is why unhappy old people "wish I was a child again." Their light has gone out.

What wonderful memories we all cherish of

our childhood playgrounds! No matter if it was a dingy back alley or backwoods, it was a wonderful place. So was our home an enchanted palace, even if made of logs, for Aladdin's lamp lighted it. No modern illuminant, be it ever so brilliant, can ever light like Aladdin's lamp.

What wonderful memories of the precious minutes at recess! An hour at noon seemed like a few minutes. We never could get time enough to play. O, the glad memories of marbles and ball and jumping! Of "blackman," "shinny," "hide-and-go-seek" ("One! two! three! for me!")! Of "blindman's buff," "prisoners' base," "aunty-over," "crack-the-whip"! And of the gentler games of "button," "ring around the rosey," "London bridge is falling down,"! Then the "kissing games" at the "parties" and "taffy-pulls"! Any of us could write a book about the "old swimmin' hole," the fishing, the skating, the hay-rides and the sled-rides.

On our playground rich and poor, high and low, blacksmith's child and banker's child were on an equality—if the home influence didn't intrude. All played a hard game to win. We were fierce, happy competitors, but the moment anybody fell, all the rest of us sprang to help him up.

The child's playground is the perfect democracy.

Let us make the world just a bigger playground

for bigger boys and girls. Let us make the homes, farms, shops, stores, offices, mills, mines, clubs, churches just parts of the playground and finer playthings. We can as we learn to play the games we are fitted for—and keep selfishness out.

When we stop playing we are not growing up, we are shriveling.

* * *

“Become as a Little Child”

When I see children at play my heart beats faster. I used to teach school, and I was a failure at it, for I did not love the children. In my early days of lecturing, I had so much trouble with the children. The little rascals would get on the front row and wiggle and squirm. They did not have the proper appreciation of my jewels of wisdom and my priceless flowers of eloquence! I would pause and look sternly down into the kindergarten hotbed of sedition below me. “You are bad children and I am ashamed of you. Get still down there or I’ll have the ushers throw out every little brat!”

Of course, they got still! They did not—they wiggled more than ever. I was convinced that this was proof of their original sin. I know better now—I know the fault was with myself.

One hot day I was trying to lecture in the afternoon at a chautauqua when the children in the front row were especially "bad." I said in my desperation, "You children get still and don't get off that bench! When I am thru I'll take you over to the ice cream stand and buy you each a dish of ice cream."

There was a great calm on that bench. The six little rascals looked up expectantly. A minute later there were fifteen little rascals down on that bench looking up expectantly. Two minutes later there were twenty-five looking up expectantly. Then they tiptoed up from all parts of the house to get on that front bench. The word spread up town, and I think every child in the town came down and got on that bench. It began to look like a Sunday School just before Christmas where they are going to have a tree. Did you ever see a branch where the bees have swarmed? Well, that bench swarmed with kids piled up, all looking up expectantly!

And I was aggrieved at kid nature. I cut my lecture short and petulantly took the entire juvenile population of a Missouri township over to the ice cream works. I had never before known how many thousand kids could balance on one bench. They hadn't played fair with me!

Today that is one of the funniest memories of

my life. Today I have a joy in taking "de gang" to the ice cream works. That is what ice cream is for! Today one of the real picnics of my life is to grab up a bunch of "newsies" and take them into a swell hotel, take them right into the dining-room past the horrified head-waiter, take possession of a table, and stuff them. I like to watch the roast turkey bulge up even into their necks. I like to watch them look at the finger-bowl and wonder what to do with it. I like to watch the overdressed dames stare at my menagerie, and watch my pets approach the blissful state where they say, "I kin chaw, but I can't swaller no more."

* * *

One of my real joys now is to see the front row look up as I try to lecture. They generally listen. We are great pals. My best audience is on the front row. I am going to teach school again, and I shall succeed at it, for I have gotten religion—a little more!—and am learning to love a little child. That is only the first step in loving. It is easy to love a little child, for they are so lovable. It is much harder to love grownup children when they get "sot in their ways" and their meanness sometimes sticks out on them like the points on a barbwire fence.

We "old folks" are just children grown more selfish.

* * *

"My Father's Business"

A father, a mother and a twelve-year-old boy once went up to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of the Passover. After they had "fulfilled the days," the father and mother started back home with the caravan. They traveled a day before the father looked around and said, "Where is our boy?"

He rushed back to the mother. "Mother, where is our boy?"

"Why, father, I haven't seen him all day. I thought he was up there with you all this time. Why, where is our boy?"

"Bless me, mother, I haven't seen him since we left Jerusalem. I thought he was back here with you."

"Where is our boy? Have you seen anything of a twelve-year-old boy?" They go distractedly up and down the caravan asking it. Nobody had seen him. They hurry back the day's journey to Jerusalem. I see them going up and down Main Street wringing their hands and peering into every child's face.

"Where, O, where is our boy? Haven't any of you seen a twelve-year-old boy about so high?"

I see them go to the movies. I see them go to the ball game. I see them go to the swimming-hole. But their boy is not there.

At last they go to the place where many would least expect to find a normal twelve-year-old boy, because so many have tried to make it the least inviting place for him. They go to church. "Why! there he is! There is our boy—right there in the temple talking with the doctors, the elders and the bishops."

"Ah! We have found you at last! Why, son, you have given us the scare of our lives. We have been looking for you everywhere. 'Why have you dealt with us thus?' " Possibly being interpreted, "You just wait till we get you home!"

But the boy who had tarried behind in the midst of the doctors, "both hearing them and asking questions," replied, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

What wonderful sermons and books have been written about that reply! It seems as tho the fabric of Christendom has been woven about it.

What was "my Father's business"? I am reverently calling it Big Business. His business on earth was to show humanity how to be what we are created to be—how to realize our real "career," how to play. And as fast as we get into this Big Business, "thy kingdom come" is realized.

All Nature in Big Business

Look again at this flashlight. The batteries within call to be used. Letting them shine is its success. Natural development is letting our capabilities shine forth. The little child naturally responds to the calls from within. When it kicks, it is responding to the kick battery within. When it shouts, it is responding to the shout battery.

All nature is responding to the impulses from within. That is why we call all this world around us "nature," because it is being natural—being what it is planned to be.

Every bird is a success, just naturally being what it was planned to be. I have never seen a bird work. I have never met an unsuccessful bird. I have never heard a bird say, "Life is a failure. I never had any chance like other birds. If I had been born in New York or Paris I might have amounted to something, but stuck away out here in the backwoods nothing could succeed."

No! Every bird in the backwoods is just as successful as the bird in New York or Paris. It sings just as sweetly and happily in the backwoods where nobody hears it as where the multitude listens. That is its success—singing and flying. It is full of sing batteries and fly batteries. If it should try to blossom, it would be a failure,

for it has no blossom batteries. Blackbird, white-bird, redbird, bluebird, jaybird, woodpecker—all are just as successful, each one being itself, each one singing for the joy of singing. Raise its salary and it could not be any more successful.

* * *

Every flower is a success, just blossoming. It has the blossom batteries. It does not try to fly, for it has no fly batteries, and does not try to sing, for it has no sing batteries. Out in the backwoods the flower is just as successful as in the city conservatory. In the heart of a Florida cypress swamp I have come upon moss-carpeted wonderlands full of flowers and orchids “going to waste” that New York would rave over. Up in the Alpine snows I have found the edelweiss as beautiful as the hothouse blossoms.

The sun shines. He is a grand success at shining, for he is full of shine batteries, and just lets them go. He does not try to cackle, for he has no cackle batteries. The hen cackles. She is full of cackle batteries. But she does not try to shine, for if she should she would wail, “Nobody loves me!” She has no shine batteries. The meek and lowly hen is a greater success than the mighty sun at cackling! So each of us is the greatest success in the universe letting our own particular light shine.

Nobody can steal our success.

Nobody loves unnatural efforts, but everybody loves the natural and unaffected. When will humanity learn that?

* * *

The eagle soars because he has soar batteries. He does not bray, for he has no bray batteries. One bray out of an eagle would fix him. The proud bird of our country would have to come right down off our banner.

The mule brays. Bless his patient heart, he is a grand success at braying, for he is full of bray batteries, but if he should try to soar, the price of mules would come down.

The grasshopper hops, for he has wonderful hop batteries, but he does not try to be an elephant. The elephant does not try to jump like a grasshopper, for if he did he would surely muss up the map!

The most successful church building would be the greatest failure as a boiler factory. A locomotive is a grand success at pulling trains, for it is full of pull batteries, but it is a total failure as a lawn-mower. Anybody who has ever had his lawn mowed by a locomotive never wants it done that way again.

Silly talk, you say? Yes, that is why I am say-

ing it. Is it not easy to see what success is for the flashlight, and for all things in nature, but hard to see what success is for humanity? Human beings try to be monkeys instead of men, when they have no monkey batteries. They try to be parrots and peacocks. They try to be pigs, and they cannot even be successful pigs.

* * *

I have read many books on "Success in Life and How to Attain It." I have listened to learned lectures on this entrancing theme, some of them given by people who were not overly successful themselves. I have often felt that if I had to do half the things they advise—had to observe all the wise maxims of the "successful" who write the pages of "do's" and "don't's," I would say, "Bury me tomorrow. It is too hard work to live."

Then I look over nature, I look at "dumb brutes," I look at children at play, and there comes a new inspiration. I never see a bird look into the Encyclopedia Britannica to know whether to fly or to blossom. Something tells it what to do, and it never falters nor worries about "mistaking its calling."

Something keeps telling you and me what to do. The batteries of our being keep calling us to press the buttons as fast as they develop.

Find Your "Thimbles!"

We used to play a game when I was a boy called "Find the Thimble." That little game tells me more about life success and happiness than most of the polysyllabic profundity of the books and experts. I wonder how many of you in this audience ever played "Find the Thimble"? Hold up your hands, I dare you!

What! All of you know how to play it! "King's ex!" Let's stop this lecture and have a game of "Find the Thimble."

[Here the lecturer impersonates playing "Find the Thimble." Usually the little folks in the front rows become very much interested. As the game proceeds they shout "warmer" and "colder."]

You know one would be "it," and "it" would have to go out of the room and hide his eyes. There, you see "it" go out of the room. Now, no "peeking"!

Where'll we hide the thimble? Look, I am going to hide it right here in the middle of the platform under this handkerchief. Do you all see where it is hidden? Now, nobody must tell "it."

All right, "it," come in and find the thimble. Enter "it." Now, I am "it." I do not know where the thimble is, but you folks in the audi-

ence do know, and you must steer me. I go hunting over here (shouts of "colder" from the audience).

What did you mean by "colder"? "Going away from the thimble," says somebody. Good! That is just the way we played it. It is "colder" out that way, and if "it" has any sense, he won't go any farther the "cold" way.

Now I go this way, to the rear of the stage. "Colder," you say again. Well, I get to the middle of the stage. "Warmer!"

What did you mean by "warmer"? "Going toward the thimble!" comes from a chorus of little folks. Yes, that is just the way we played it. It is getting "warmer" as I go this way.

What? "Colder" again? Have I gone too far? Where is that "warm" spot? Ah! here it is "warmer" again.

"Hotter!" "Burning up!" You children know how to play. I am getting very close to the thimble. There, hurrah! I have found it! Just by going the "warm" way and not going the "cold" way.

* * *

We Are All "Called"

"Find the Thimble" is the great game on life's playground. It means find your batteries. Press

the button. It is following the natural calls. When we go the wrong way, try to be or do things for which we have no endowment, we are going the "cold" way. The world says we are a "frost."

When we go the right way, try to be or do the things for which we are fitted, something inside says, "Warmer!" We are going the natural way. "Warmer! Warmer!" say the voices within, and the world brightens for us, for Aladdin's lamp has commenced to shine.

When I was a boy a very solemn, sad-faced man said to my father, "Brother Parlette, I have a call to preach the gospel!" How frightened I was! I had a mental picture of God—and I always pictured God as an angry old man with long whiskers, sitting upon a throne. I had read that God is angry with the wicked every day, and I knew I was wicked, for so many told me so. They told me I would go to jail or be hung as a terrible example to other bad preachers' sons. I pictured God calling sternly over a long-distance 'phone, "John Alexander Jones, is that you? Well, I have called you to preach the gospel. Never smile again!"

I hoped God would never call me. It seemed such a dreadful thing. It had to do with dying, not with living. I have since discovered that most of Brother Jones' call was lazy liver, that is,

the solemnity of it, and a false idea about his job.

And God was calling me all the time, as He is calling everybody all the time. Not over some mysterious long-distance telephone in doleful tones to be sad and solemn, but thru the awakening and expression of our faculties to be successful and happy in shining. We are called to preach—and called to peddle peanuts. Called to teach, farm, paint, invent, merchandise, philosophize, peel potatoes and preside over nations. Just as the bird is called to sing, the flower to blossom, the fish to swim.

But the bird is never called to blossom!

You and I are never called to do something unnatural. We are bundles of faculties and talents. None of us realize how great and varied are the talents we command. These batteries lie silent like the chicken in the egg until they develop and crack the shells and cry, "Peep! Peep! Here I am! Use me! Warmer! Press the button!" That is the "call." It is a divine thing—that Inside call.

* * *

The Call of Samuel

Is not that story of Samuel in the Bible the example of the perfect call? Why do we so often read the Bible with our eyes shut, as tho it were

THE INSIDERS

some mysterious book for another age and another people, instead of a bundle of human glimpses of the divinity of Big Business for every age and people, that have survived for the very truth in them?

What is there mysterious about the life of this lad Samuel, who lives the clean, unperverted life in the temple service and does not go out of nights with the Eli boys to have a "good time" and have a thick head next day? He can hear the voice of God because his ear is not dulled with sensuality and his heart is not divided by the false calls.

There he lies in his bed at the close of the day. He hears the call, "Samuel! Samuel!" He runs to the bedside of the prophet Eli. "Mr. Eli, here I am. What do you want?"

"Sammy, what do you mean waking me up this way? I didn't call you. Go back to bed. You have been dreaming."

Samuel goes back to bed, and presently the voice calls again, "Samuel! Samuel!" Again Samuel hurries to the prophet's bedside. "Mr. Eli, now I know you called me. What do you want?"

"No, Sammy," replies the good man, "I didn't call you. Go back to bed." Again Samuel goes back to bed, saying to himself, "Well, isn't that funny? Mr. Eli calls me and doesn't know it. He calls in his sleep."

When the third time the voice calls, "Samuel!

Samuel!" and the third time Samuel goes to Eli's bedside, you remember Eli was a prophet. I wish there were more prophets today. "Samuel," says the old prophet, "I believe God is calling you. If you hear that voice again, you say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' " And when Samuel again heard that voice, "Samuel! Samuel!" he replied, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Samuel's long career of leadership was the result of following that voice as it called to him thru the years that followed.

* * *

I believe every time you see the child trying to do something, every time you see the child reaching for a book, a tool, a brush or an instrument—reaching, you understand, with a great longing to do something with it—the child is hearing the call, "Samuel! Samuel!"

I believe every right yearning in the hearts of us older ones, is the Samuel call.

I believe that we can always know whether our call is an Inside or an Outside call. The Inside call always leads us up to better, cleaner, higher, happier living.

If I were in a pulpit to preach a sermon today,

I should take for my text, "Commit thy ways unto the Lord and He will" help you "find your thimble." Revised Version!

* * *

Let the Boy Fiddle!

The other day a mother brought her boy into the parlor where I was the "company" and said, "Do you think my boy will ever make a violinist? He plays on that old fiddle from morning to night. We just have to hide his fiddle to get him to bed. Now if you think he'll ever become great or be able to make more money at it than helping his father on the farm, I'll let him take lessons. If you don't, he has got to quit fooling away his time at it and go to something useful."

"Useful!" This good mother had gotten "practical."

I thought of Eli. He didn't say, "Samuel, if God calls again, say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant will hear if you can make me famous or pay me a higher salary than Eli pays me here in the temple. Submit your proposition and I'll consider it.'"

That little boy hugging his precious two-dollar fiddle raised his wistful eyes to me as tho I held his life in my hands. The tears began to grow in his eyes.

“Mother, there is your answer. Look in his face. I don’t know whether he will ever make a famous violinist. I do not know if he will ever make his salt with his fiddle. But I know he will make his happiness with it. He will become a very successful fiddler. By all means let him play the fiddle—and take lessons if you can afford it. His fiddle will be his playground.”

But the mother couldn’t just see it that way. “No, if he is just going to make a common, ordinary fiddler, he has got to stop it. Too many fiddlers around here now.” I wonder if that good mother would have said to the birds, “If you can’t sing like the lark you shall not sing at all.”

I thought of that boy robbed of his fiddle, hating the drudgery of the farm work, when it might have been part of his playground, if Aladdin had been permitted to let his lamp shine.

I thought of Abraham Lincoln’s father throwing away his book and sending him out to cut corn. Little Abe cut the corn and then came back to save his father from signing the document deeding away his farm, for the boy had learned from the book to read what was on the paper the illiterate father, in the hands of a designing rogue, could not read. Then the father goes out to the hollow stump and brings back the treasured volume.

Don’t get too “practical.”

Get Out of Your Cage!

We see everywhere a world of dull plodders and self-denying souls. They say, "My day is past. We are living for our children now." They forget that the best way to live for their children is to live before their children—set the Big Business example, practice what they preach. Let their light shine.

I see them like pack-horses going thru their days like machines. I hear them say, "All my life I have wanted to do things, but I was never situated so that I could. Now it is too late. I am too old. All my life I have beat my wings against a cage."

Who made the cage? Don't you think much of this talk is opiate for the accusing conscience? That yearning to do things is the Samuel call. Much of the "settling down in life" is letting down in life. Aladdin is immortal. Press the button and illuminate that "cage." Getting the light out to the end of the flashlight is just as successful and happy work as projecting it ten miles. The success is more in the production than in the distribution and marketing. We may shine very successfully tho our light never gets beyond the home or office walls.

One of the happy hours of my life was spent with a keen-eyed youngster of seventy at a teach-

ers' institute who was just beginning ornamental penmanship!

What is becoming as a little child? Going back to the little child's life? Is it not more in retaining the spirit of the little child? The little child cries out at the wonder and joy of the new world unfolding about it. Should we not cry out at the wonder and joy of the larger new world unfolding about us?

* * *

Study the plant that goes on leafing, blossoming, functioning thru its entire life. Stunt it, lop off its branches, cripple it, shatter it. The remains do not crawl off into a pickle-jar in a museum and talk about "in my day." What is left of that plant does not waste a minute sympathizing with itself and saying, "Once I was young and fair. They didn't treat me right. It is too late." It pulls itself together and goes on being what it was built to be, with all the "pep" available. And right where it is! If it cannot grow six feet high, it tries to grow six inches high, or it pushes upward with its dying breath.

There is a plant you have seen in the stores they call the "resurrection plant." It is a dried ball and you can leave it lie around indefinitely all dried and withered. But that plant does not

resign. It holds on to its blue print and merely says, "It's a long dry spell." You put it in water and it soaks up, unrolls its leaflets and smiles up at you all green as tho nothing had happened.

I am told that they found grains of wheat in the mummy casings exhumed in Egypt. Nobody knows for sure how many centuries those grains lay away with the Pharaohs, never once giving up, but singing softly, "There'll come a time." The proud and mighty ruler of Egypt gave up and mumified, but the humble wheat did not, and so it grew joyously in the sunshine of the Twentieth Century!

* * *

The Rejuvenation of Napoleon

For years I drove an old sorrel horse that used to look sadly at me out of his watery eyes every time I went to hitch him up to the plow or wagon. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte, but he acted more like he was on St. Helena. We shortened his name down to "Bony," which was much more fitting, anyhow, for if the bony-part had been subtracted from him there wouldn't have been much left.

One day when I had him hitched to the spring-wagon, somebody started to drive around him,

which was no chore, for "Bony" seemed imbued with the idea he was leading a funeral procession, and no amount of urging seemed able to keep him trotting. It did so exhaust him to trot. I would swat him over the rafters and he would come out of his trance long enough to trot a couple of trots that seemed to come out of him like pulling wisdom teeth, and then his steam would run down. "Bony" knew he was on the retired list and grieved that I did not know it.

But that day the fellow who attempted to go around was driving a sulky, and he didn't go around. "Bony" looked out of the corner of his weary eyes, saw that sulky, and then something happened! He pricked up his ears, lifted his head, sneezed a couple of times and lit out. Fond memories came back—memories of county fairs and three-minute trots when he was "Napoleon Bonaparte." I clung to the lines scared and delighted. That sulky man never got close to us as the spring-wagon hit the high spots in the road. After that "Bony" seemed to hold his head higher and take more interest in life, for he discovered his day hadn't passed.

* * *

An old eagle that was kept in a cage sat day by day dully looking out at the people that stared

at him. He made no friends, had no interest in anything. People came every day and looked at that sleepy bird, and he batted his old eyes back at them. Nothing interested the eagle. The sun, the breezes, the sky meant nothing, for he was in a cage and had "seen his best days."

One day somebody left the cage open. That drowsy old bird had been saying, "My day is past. I shall never fly again." But out of the corner of his eyes he saw the cage-door open. He saw thru it the new world beckoning to him. He opened his eyes wider. He gripped his perch with a new grip. The tips of his wings began to tingle. The call of the heavens again warmed his heart. He stretched a wing, and it was all there. He stretched the other wing, and it was all there. He stuck his head out of the cage door. Those rusty old wings spread once more.

R-r-r-r-r—rt!

With a glad scream he shot upward toward the sun. He became a speck in the sky. He was an eagle again!

The cage door is open for every one of us. And we are eagles! Let us begin our resurrection this side of the grave. Press the button! Find our "thimbles!"

CHAPTER IV

GETTING EDUCATED

Learning to Follow Our Calls

NOW we have discovered the meaning of education. “*E-duco*,” “I lead out.” Books, teachers, schools, colleges cannot educate us. They help us educate—*e-duco*—ourselves. We must rub the Aladdin lamp. We must lead out ourselves—shine our own light.

So education is Big Business. Education is expression, art, play. The grades and diplomas are symptoms of an education. The book, teacher, school merely help untie the strings, remove the wrappings, help us find the push-buttons.

Education is liberation. It is removing the outside, wrong, artificial self, and releasing the inside, good, natural self. Education is finding happiness. Any system of education that does not increase our happiness is a failure. No selfish, sordid soul is well educated, no matter if he has his room papered with diplomas. No grouch is well educated, no matter how many universities he may have attended. No rogue can be an educated man.

I have seen poor little stunted, deformed trees brought from China. They had been "educated" artificially. I have seen poor little stunted deformed lives here in America that had been "educated" just as artificially. We used to cry out when the Chinese "educated" the feet of their girls by binding them. Should we not cry out when our own people "educate" the heads of our girls and boys by binding them?

Expression! Do you remember when they thought it meant elocution? That was "speaking pieces by heart." You remember there was not much heart to it, but more hands and head. We were taught to elocute externally. A phonograph factory could have made a better elocutionist out of rubber, brass and pins. First you "got the piece by heart"—made the record. Then the teacher nailed the gestures to the outside. We were taught to "let the finger follow the wrist" and "let the eyes follow the fingers."

Each teacher taught all his pupils the same set of gestures, and you got so you could tell all the pupils of one teacher because they all wore his gestures. You could always tell where the gesture of the teacher was soldered on to the victim, perhaps grafted is the better word, for that kind of "elocution" savored of graft. Each teacher made his pupils little second editions of himself. They called it expression, when it

was suppression, impression and depression.

Today, glory be! it is dawning upon us that all life activities—all real music, painting, speaking, writing, figuring, farming, buying, selling—are just different forms of **EXPRESSION** thru whatever channels are natural to us.

And the teachers are bursting their bonds. Schools are awakening. They are teaching the elocution pupil to get his own vision of his "piece" and express it naturally. They are now trying to improve the individual and the product will improve. The other day a woman dared to run a school where the children were allowed to develop naturally. The world was so astonished that educators came running from everywhere to see this daring innovation of just keeping hands off and letting children "find their thimbles" without mediaeval and inquisitorial interference!

I dream of sometime running a school where I shall try to make it the opposite of many of the schools I knew about in childhood. For I was educated "at the feet of Gamaliel." Almost everything I wanted to do they sternly told me was wrong, and almost everything I did not want to do was right. I did love to draw pictures in school, and I had to "stand on the floor" for it. I loved to write things out of my head, and I had to "stay in at recess" for wasting my time. Now I see that whenever I followed these natural calls

from within I was right, and when I followed the outside calls I was wrong. Most of my schooling was merely delaying instead of helping my development. Much of it was mainly piling up obstacles to be cleared away in later years. And I say this with all appreciation of the sincere, loving efforts of teachers and others to make me unnatural.

I rejoice in the present day development of the playground movement. Let us endeavor to carry it even farther. Let us try to make the school so interesting and make the studies such great games that the children will run shouting into school as they run shouting out of school to the playground.

We fill so many school hours having the pupils study arithmetic, geography, grammar, and the other "branches," and have scarcely begun to have them study the great tree-trunk—themselves. We are beginning to employ vocational directors as an extra, when their work is destined to evolve from an amateur employment agency into the department that must underly and command all the rest. We are spending about all the time teaching the pupil to look outside. We are presently going to spend more time teaching him to look inside and "know thyself."

I believe the greatest need of our schools is love, vision, inspiration. I believe that anybody

who teaches school because he needs the money or thinks it a stepping-stone to something else, is doing more harm than good. Schools get so enmeshed in red-tape and buried in methods. Many a teachers' institute spends the week listening to specialists and experts finding fault with present methods and splitting hairs, and the teachers go back to their work bewildered and discouraged instead of inspired and enthused over being permitted to have a part in the wonderful work of helping the next generation to find itself.

* * *

“Warmer” and “Colder” Studies

Do you children in school notice that some studies call to you and some do not? You like some and dislike others. Some say, “Warmer” and some say, “Colder.” I have the feeling that you should give most of your time to the “warmer” studies, for they are calling you towards your “thimbles,” your talents, and that you should not spend much more time on the “colder” studies than the school board decides is necessary.

We have to do very many things we do not like to do, but these are merely accessory to doing the things we like to do. We have to drudge at the multiplication table before we can revel in the

mathematical joys beyond. We have to struggle to walk before we can frolic over life's playground.

If you study grammar or mathematics and something says, "Colder," I would not study more than necessary to get a working knowledge of these branches. But if you find something inside of you saying, "Warmer," that is your call to go on specializing in them. Your "thimbles" — some of them—are likely going to be found along these lines.

If history or literature says, "Warmer," follow this call. If music calls you, if you love to sing, study music or play the piano, then go on singing, studying or playing. If you love to sketch or paint, go on sketching or painting.

Perhaps none of these things appeal to you, but you love to whittle, drive nails, design or work with tools. Then go on with these things. For there is one of your playgrounds.

* * *

Confessions of a "Blockhead"

Some faculties develop quickly, some very slowly. Some people develop early, others develop later in life. Some find the work in school calling to them, while others respond little to these appeals.

These slow pupils in school are the "block-heads." Cabbage matures in one summer, but the oak wants a hundred summers. So the cabbage-head often gets rated higher than the oak at the start. A "blockhead" is a head that has not started to burn.

I suppose I am trying to defend myself, for I was a "blockhead." Are there any more "block-heads" in this audience? O, fellow "blockheads," if you are here, I know what you have suffered!

My early schooling was a tragedy. I was so slow and it was so hard for me to learn things out of books. I would try my best, but it was always my worst. I would take my books home night after night and plead to stay at home. I was laughed at and scolded in school. I cannot remember one kind word of encouragement or sympathy from teacher or pupils. I never got up to recite or went to the blackboard but what the thought so often dinned into me would arise, "You can't do it, you are too dull." And that helped greatly!

I had failed so often and had been put back in the classes until I sat at a desk so small I could hardly get my knees under it. There was a little smarty right beside me. He could get it right off the bat, and I couldn't get it till next week—and then I'd generally "muff" it!

Why do they put a smarty beside a "blockhead"?

to rub it in on him! Many a day I had my geography up over my face. I was not studying the map; I was trying to hide my face. I used to think I'd be hung for stupidity. If stupidity were a capital crime, believe me, this lecture would never have been given!

* * *

I remember the day before the night when I did not sleep any. The teacher blew up with a loud noise. He got so mad and red in the face after he had tried to tell me something and I could not get it, that he said, "You blockhead, you! I am done trying to tell you anything. You just can't remember it. Your head is made out of wood, and to-morrow I am going to bring a gimlet and bore a hole in your head. Then I'm going to write it down on paper and stick it in the hole. That is the only way you'll ever get anything into your head."

And I looked up at him like a piece of putty. I was scared so that I did not know my own name. I went sobbing home, wild with fear. "Don't let him do it. Don't let him bore a hole in my head! Don't make me go back to school." I cried all night, and trembled for days afterwards. I do not think I have ever gotten completely over it.

Stop and think! Think of any man telling a slow, discouraged boy he was going to bore a hole in his head! That man was not a teacher. He had never found his "thimble." He lacked the first essential for a teacher, he did not love his pupils. He could not get a job in any school in America today shoveling coal into the kindergarten basement. As I got older I pitied that man more than myself, for he was an unhappy man, had no friends and died at the end of a misfit, unhappy, loveless life without a tear shed for him.

O, what a grand discovery I made in later years—that there were things in this world I could learn and do—things that the smarty could not do! He had one equipment of batteries and I had another.

And I am saying this hoping that you will try all the harder to encourage the slow child today. Show that child that there is as much success for him as for anybody else. Your duty is to the slow one more than to the bright one, who needs less showing.

* * *

Famous "Blockheads"

I was greatly cheered to read that the teacher of Thomas A. Edison reported to his parents, "Take that child out of school. He is addled." I

had such a striking resemblance to the wizard of electricity—in just that one respect! He has certainly developed many batteries since the “addled” days!

* * *

There are so many different kinds of “blockheads.” There was a conversational “blockhead” in my college classes. He could not tell you anything about the lesson, but he could fill in the time with such interesting discussions of other things that you would forget about the lessons. I never heard him recite. When it came his turn he would gracefully engage the professor in some debate or other argument that would take up the time.

We always enjoyed the time when it came Joe’s turn to recite. He got by with something new each time. We rather pitied him. We do not now, for he is at the head of a big manufacturing plant where he handles men with the same grace and ease he handled the professors. Indeed, after Joe graduated he was a college president for awhile, elected on his sheer ability to converse and smile endowment money out of plutocrats.

History is heavy with just such cases of “blockheads” who astonished the world after they found their “thimbles.” Just the other day I wrote a letter to one of the great preachers of the land. “Doctor,” I wrote, “I want to put a chap-

ter on 'blockheads' into a lecture on Big Business. Would you mind telling me about your early schooldays?"

It was an awful and impertinent thing to do, and it is a wonder he didn't arrest me for *lèse-majesté* or something like that, but he wrote back several pages of joyous confession of his sorrowful and slow beginnings in a celebrated Eastern university. He chuckled as he admitted that he was slow, very slow in most branches. The reports on him grew steadily worse. His mathematical deficiencies were melancholy in the extreme. He could not get on speaking terms with a logarithm nor look upon the binomial theorem with the least degree of allowance.

The faculty were for letting him go, but one professor held out for him. Finally that professor lost hope, and then the faculty with tears in their eyes—and joy in their hearts—called that dull mathematician upon their classic green carpet and explained that after long and prayerful deliberation they had come to the unanimous conclusion that his case was hopeless, and perhaps a change of environment might be more conducive to his educational development, might it not?

That dull mathematician thought his future was pretty black. But he found his "thimbles," one by one. He found he could read deeper into human nature than into geometry. He found he had

an eloquent tongue and a gift of leadership. He found he had a great vision of service for mankind. He became a preacher, and wherever he spoke the people crowded to listen.

The dream of a school fired him, and one day he poured out his heart, "What I Would Do if I Had a Million Dollars." One man sat in his audience greatly moved, for he had been wondering what to do with his millions. He, too, was fired with the school vision, and he followed the preacher into his study after the sermon. "Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"Then here is your million." And he gave him more millions. And the preacher has given his later years to making his school dreams come true.

That fine old Eastern university now numbers that erstwhile "blockhead" among "our honored sons"!

"And they lived happily ever afterward," as the story-books say it at the close.

* * *

Don't Mistake Your Vocation

Along with the sorrows of the "blockhead" in every community are the sorrows of the child be-

ing crowded into a place he cannot fit. A good many parents are trying to call their children instead of letting God do the calling.

Phineas T. Barnum, the famous showman, was so much more than a showman. He had a profound understanding of life. He says in his autobiography:

“The safest plan, and the one most sure of success for the young man starting in life, is to select the vocation which is most congenial to his tastes. Parents and guardians are often quite too negligent in regard to this. It is very common for a father to say, for example: ‘I have five boys. I will make Bill a clergyman; John a lawyer; Tom a doctor; and Dick a farmer.’ He then goes to town and looks about to see what he will do with Sammy. He returns home and says, ‘Sammy, I see watchmaking is a nice, genteel business; I think I will make you a goldsmith.’ He does this, regardless of Sam’s natural inclinations or genius.

“We are all, no doubt, born for a wise purpose. There is as much diversity in our brains as in our countenances. Some are born natural mechanics, while some have great aversion to machinery. Let a dozen boys of ten years get together, and you will soon observe two or three are whittling out some ingenious device, working with locks or complicated machinery. When they were but five years old, their father could find no toy to please them like a puzzle. They are natural mechanics; but the other eight or

nine boys have different aptitudes. I belong to the latter class. I never had the slightest love for mechanism. On the contrary, I have a sort of abhorrence for complicated machinery. I never had ingenuity enough to whittle a cider-tap so it would not leak. I never could make a pen I could write with, or understand the principle of the steam-engine.

“If a man was to take such a boy as I was, and attempt to make a watchmaker of him, the boy might, after an apprenticeship of five or six years, be able to take apart and put together a watch; but all thru life he would be working uphill and seizing every excuse for leaving his work and idling away his time. Watchmaking is repulsive to him.

“Unless a man enters upon his vocation intended for him by nature, and best suited to his particular genius, he cannot succeed. I am glad to believe that the majority of persons do find the right vocation. Yet we see many who have mistaken their calling, from the blacksmith up (or down) to the clergyman. You will see, for instance, that extraordinary linguist, the ‘learned blacksmith,’ who ought to have been a teacher of languages; and you may have seen lawyers, doctors and clergymen who were better fitted by nature for the anvil or lapstone.”

Wouldn’t this world be a wonderful playground if all parents were as wise as Eli with Samuel! When they saw the child reaching for a book, a hammer or a fiddle, they would rejoice and say,

“Child, you are being called. We are going to help you find your ‘thimble.’ Do not follow us; let us all follow the call.”

* * *

The Calling of Biddy Brahma

Once I had a Brahma hen that had a call to set. I have never known a Brahma hen that did not have a loud and persistent call to set. I argued with Biddy Brahma about this. “Why, Biddy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself in setting when eggs are so high that every patriotic hen should be up and laying for dear life.”

I spake more and more harshly to her. I told her she was not called, she was short-circuited. I broke up her setteries one by one, but she went right on setting. I would throw her out of the nest, and she would go over and set in the manger. I chased her from manger to granary, from pillar to post. She went on setting on bricks and door-knobs, it mattered little. One day I caught her setting on an old boot. My heart smote me. Who am I to stand between this earnest creature and her call?

I said, “Biddy, forgive me for my harshness. You shall set. Such devotion to your call to duty is touching.” I fixed up a fine new settery. I got a barrel that had never been set in. I fixed hay into a nest and tried to make it as homelike and

cozy as possible. I hung pictures on the walls. But I could find no chicken eggs, so I put eleven duck eggs in the nest.

“Go to it, Biddy!” And Biddy went right into that barrel and spread herself over those eggs. The glad light of anticipatory motherhood came into her face. Did you ever study the face of a setting hen—from a safe distance?

“Leave it all to me. Depart in peace. I’m on the job, and ‘watchful waiting’ will do the rest,” she said.

Day after day as I passed the barrel I would bend down and look in. “Hello, Biddy, how are you getting along?” And always she would reply, “O, just fine. All’s well. You just wait and I’ll show you eleven of the finest chickens you ever saw.”

Chickens! I didn’t argue with Biddy. I never argue with an old hen!

But one day, right on the calendar dot, there was great joy and jubilation in that barrel. There was a grand homecoming celebration and poultry carnival, with free street parade. I looked down the garden walk and saw the procession forming. There was Biddy in front as drum-major and the entire fuzzy family following.

It was an inspiring sight. “Cluck! cluck! quack! quack! quack! cluck! cluck! quack! quack! quack!”

The procession halted at the kitchen door. "Let me introduce you to my family," said Biddy. "Aren't these the finest chickens you ever saw?"

Love is blind! "Chickens! Why, Biddy, these are not chickens. Look at their noses. Look at their feet."

Biddy was mad in a minute. "Chickens! I guess I ought to know. I am their mother. Look here, children, did you hear that dreadful man saying you are not chickens? You are my good little chickens, aren't you?"

And every one of those fuzzy little things looked right up into the face of its own mother and quacked, "Yes, mother, we are your good little chickens." They thought they were chickens. They had not found their "thimble." I did not argue with them. Time would tell.

"Cluck! cluck! quack! quack! quack!" I watched them go around into the front yard. "Cluck! cluck! quack! quack! quack!" they went over into the orchard. They came to that over-worked "psychological moment," where Biddy commanded, "Column right! Cluck!" Biddy column-righted, but every one of the fuzzy family column-lefted. They saw the pool of water to the left. They ran for it, and all lit with one joyful splash in the water. They obeyed a higher call than the mother call—the call of their own nature.

They had found their "thimble." They were

ducks. Their swim-battery called and they answered. "Children! Children! Come right out of that water this minute! You'll drown!" shouted Biddy.

But every duckling knew better. Not one came out. Biddy came to me with tears in her eyes. "I'm done!" she wailed. "Done! Never again! I'm done. Stop my subscription to The Ladies' Home Journal. Things aren't like they used to be. What is this world coming to? Here I train up my chickens in the way they should go, and they go to the ducks!"

This world is such a world of misfits because we so often try to make a good duck into a quack chicken.

* * *

Father's Chicken a Duck

My father was a chicken. I was a duck. My father was a Methodist preacher. How the thought of a chicken does call up the thought of a preacher!

My earliest childhood recollections are of my father taking me into his study and telling me I was to be a preacher. "My boy, I have given you to God!" He would get very earnest and his voice would tremble. "You are to have all these books." He would point around at the solemn shelves of commentaries, homiletics and theolo-

gies. "You are to stand in my pulpit when I am gone and you are to carry on my work."

O, how he loved his work! No sacrifice was too great for his work. He was happiest in sacrificing for his work. Those pioneer days when he was a "circuit-rider" in the wilderness, our little family watched him come in from his work and ran to his saddlebags to find the apples and other "quarterage" offerings the "brethren and sister'n" had lovingly put there. He had come on his tired horse perhaps fifty miles, and in winter there would be icicles frozen around him, for he had to swim some bridgeless rivers.

I would say, "Yes, father, I will be a preacher." Wouldn't I have made a bird of a preacher! I thought father knew. I told the people I was going to be a preacher. But one day when I was about twelve years old, a printer moved into our little town and opened up the first printing office I had ever seen. That print-shop was my duck-pond. I couldn't stay away from it. I think I had my nose between that printer and every box of type he unpacked.

"You little rascal, get out of my way!" And he would kick me out. I would go right back. I ran away from school, I ran away from home, to get down to that print-shop to get kicked out. Why? You tell me why the ducks go to the water and I'll tell you why I went to the print-shop.

When I touched a piece of type, it thrilled me.

I knew I was going to be a printer. The smell of printers' ink intoxicated me. I heard a man say the other day that the smell of Limberger cheese is the sweetest smell in the world for him. I understood. He was a born cheesemaker.

I became a printer. I could not have become anything else. I worked at the case early and late. I read all I could about printing. And I am a good printer. I am proud to say that. I am proud of a fine print-shop back east, and it is the same old joy to get into it. It is part of my playground.

* * *

Behind the Scenes with a Lecturer

But my father's hair grew grayer. He lost some of his interest in life. He argued with me, physically as well as spiritually! He scolded me, pleaded with me in a vain attempt to stop me from being a printer. "My boy, you are throwing yourself away. You are doing wrong and cannot prosper. God called you to preach and here you are disregarding your call."

Father was mistaken. God called me to print, and father was calling me to preach. Down inside of me I knew. There were years of this misunderstanding, and then one happy day father said, "My boy, you were right and I was wrong. I see it now. I have watched you these years. I have seen how happy and confident you have

been in your work. I see it is all a great plan.”

Young people, I am not telling you to disobey your parents. They love you, sacrifice for you, perhaps more than you will ever fully understand. But I am hoping that when the question of your career comes up, you will make them see that you are a human flashlight and that you will say, “Father, mother, uncle, aunt, help me find my batteries and make them shine, that I may be happy and make you happy.”

And I am hoping that the fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts will strive to wake the child that hears no “warmer” call.

* * *

That same print-shop call led me farther into it—into being reporter, writer, editor and things like that. It called me out on the platform. Here I am a lecturer. And I am a grand success as a lecturer!

“Egotist!” you say. “He can’t lecture!”

No, I can’t lecture! But I am a grand success at getting joy out of trying to lecture. A crow can get just as much joy out of his singing as a lark, tho he cannot sing so well, but he is a successful singer as I am a successful lecturer.

Yes, I wonder quite as much as you why I am on the platform. I did not plan it. I am a “Topsy” lecturer—just happened. I have always

envied the minister and the orator with the graces of expression. I was a bashful, timid little boy who ran away and hid when "company" came to our house. I couldn't "speak a piece" in school without suffering even more agony than the school.

I was an actor just once. I was one of the angels in the Sunday School Christmas play. I was the angel that said, "Glory to God in the highest." I practiced that awake and asleep. "Glory to God in the highest!" I got the reputation for being very devout. If I fell down, I would say, "Glory to God in the highest!" And that night the angel flew down on the stage all right before the watchful shepherds, but some son of Belial in the vast crowd waiting for the Christmas treat, shouted, "Oh, see Fatty!" They called me "Fatty" because I wasn't fat, only fat-headed. The angel forgot his speech and ran crying off the stage.

I can always give a fine lecture to myself in the room alone, but when I get up before an audience somehow I make a mess of it as a general thing. I tell you truly, in these more than twenty-five years of trying to speak on platforms—every day most of the time, often twice or thrice a day, I have never yet made an address that satisfied me. There was always a sense of disappointment afterwards. I had failed to do all I had planned to do. I could always think of some of the things I

wanted to say when it was too late—the people had gone home.

Time after time I have gone from these platforms broken-hearted. I have gone back to the hotel—if I was so fortunate as to have a hotel for the night and not have to travel—and a hundred times I have flung myself on the bed and “bawled”! I did not weep—that is entirely too slow and dignified—I “bawled”! I was crushed, crestfallen, disgraced. I wanted to die—and I couldn’t even die! And often I have gone out of town at midnight with inexplicable perversity, thinking it would be safer!

Usually my worst failures have been where my friends or relatives came out to see my “triumph,” or where critics or booking managers were in the audience getting my measure. I wanted to shine my shiniest, but I generally did my shadiest. I would become unnatural trying to show off. I would get myself in front of my work, and the audience saw a conceited, excited, exaggerated man instead of his sincere vision.

I am discovering that most of the grief came from my wounded vanity.

You say, “Well, if lecturing is so painful, why don’t you quit it and put us all out of our pain?” When you tell me why those ducklings went to the water, perhaps I can tell you.

I find a joy in trying to tell audiences the things

my heart tells me are true. I have the privilege of addressing the best people of every community in these audiences. I find a joy in writing as I travel, and another joy even in overcoming the hardships of travel. I am learning better each day that all this world is one family, and each one I meet can teach me perhaps far more than I can teach him. These arduous lecture years have been the happiest years of my life so far.

These things are my playthings. The map is my playground. I often feel that I should pay audiences for my privilege. I often feel that I am the most fortunate person in the world. I feel as tho I wouldn't trade jobs with anybody in the world. O, I am not boasting nor posing as an example of success. I am only a very grateful apprentice in the Big Business school. I am holding my daily Thanksgiving service.

And I have said all this to set you to thinking about your own work. When you go back to your home, to your shop, to your office, to your farm, make an inventory. Look around and say, "This is my playground. Here I can be happiest. Here I can best let my light shine and be what I was created to be."

If you cannot say that, go on hunting your "thimble." Somewhere you'll find it. And right at hand!

CHAPTER V

YES, YOU CAN!

Find Your "Thimbles"—and "Meal-Tickets"

NO HAPPIER, sweeter message could come to young people—and to all people who would find the fountain of perpetual youth—than this: **YOU CAN!** You dream dreams and see visions. You want to do things. O, how you want to do things! The most preposterous things, too—and visionary.

Perhaps you confide in somebody older. Perhaps that older and more "practical" somebody pooh-poohs your dream. "Forget it, child, you can't do that!" Pretty soon you forget it and give up trying to glimpse the heavenly vision, or you shut up like a clam and confide no more, but hold on to your guilty secret.

I am sorry for two kinds of people—people who have no dreams, and people who are always "practical." It seems to me the first kind have not yet waked and the second kind have gone to sleep.

Dreams are the realities of life. What we see in this world is only somebody's more or less im-

perfect attempt to translate his dream into something the five senses can cognize. Every book, every picture, every law, building, machine or empire, is an imperfect translation of somebody's dream. Fulton dreamed of a steamboat, and his first steamboat was called "Fulton's Folly." The first railroad across the American West was a much-ridiculed dream. The first flying-machine was received with so much derision that Langley went to his grave with a broken heart.

Joseph the dreamer saves his "practical" brethren. The dreamer has always been the savior of the race. Dreaming the impossible makes it possible. Success is trying to make our dreams come true.

* * *

Children, what do you want to do? You can do it. Be happy that you want to do it. Hold on to that dream. It is a precious, sacred thing. Do you want to sing, to speak, to write, act, build, invent, study, or work with head, hands or heart in some other field?

YOU CAN! That sincere longing within you is the call of your awakening talent.

I am happy when a child confides in me what he wants to do or to be. I am happy when I get a certain kind of letter that comes very often. It

is not a business letter, it is a Big Business letter. It is a real love-letter that some boy or girl I have never seen has had confidence enough in me to write. It is written in the copy-book style of penmanship, maybe on perfumed paper, maybe on a torn page from a scratch-pad. But my heart beats a little faster as I read it, and often I wipe my eyes. It is a letter from some child—maybe from some grownup child—who has confided in me and taken me into the holy of holies. I write back, Yes, God bless you, YOU CAN! Go to it!

Yes, YOU CAN! And your great happiness will come in trying to make your dreams come true, no matter how many obstacles surround you. There never was a wing given to a bird there was not a place for it to fly. There never was a fin given to a fish there was not water for it to swim in. That call is from your wing or fin. YOU CAN!

* * *

“Canning” “You Can’t!”

Of course, the world immediately says, “You can’t!” The world challenges us every time we set out to answer our call. That is a part of our testing. But we push past the sentry lines of achievement with the password, “I can!” You must “can” the “can’t.”

Schumann-Heink, the world's great contralto, had to face that. They told her, "You can't!" just as they have told almost every one who has dared to struggle to be what he or she was planned to be.

She was a poor girl of the Old World when she first felt a great yearning to sing. She went to the Hof Opera director in Vienna and asked him to hear her sing. And he was not impressed. I am never very deeply impressed with expert testimony. I would believe the tyro's "I can" before the jaded critic's "You can't." In these "try-outs" the applicant generally does his poorest instead of his best, being generally "scared stiff." You remember even Caruso was told by an early teacher that he never would sing very well.

The director said to Schumann-Heink, "What! You sing? With such a face and no personality at all! How can you expect to succeed at all? Ach! Impossible! My dear child, give up the idea of singing. Go back home, buy a sewing-machine and go to work. You will never be a singer."

The girl went back home to work on the sewing-machine, but not to forget her singing. The sewing-machine job is just as grand as grand opera, but her call was to sing. She went on singing. There were years of her struggle to develop in singing. She was married and then forced to live in greater and greater poverty, deserted by her

husband, struggling to feed her children, with the landlord threatening to evict her for non-payment of rent and the sheriff threatening to take the few pieces of furniture she still had left.

O, girls, so many of you are "slackers" with your calls and your talents. So many of you sit around and powder your nose and toy with a "vanity-box," abject slaves to a dead tyranny of mediævalism that considered a woman as a man's chattel. You say, "What is the use of my trying to develop myself? I have no future."

You seem to think that all there is in life for you is to sit around ornamentally until some Lochinvar comes with his "flivver" and steals you! But this thought is changing.

Thank the terrible war for calling you and opening the doors into a thousand new fields of usefulness. It was indeed a war of liberation—liberation of nations, and sexes as well. The glory of femininity today is not its helplessness but its helpfulness.

* * *

Schumann-Heink was true to her call. She did not surrender. She went on singing to her babe in her arms. She sang grand opera as she rocked the cradle. She would put her children to bed and then leave them alone in their small quarters while she sang for a pittance in a cheap theater.

This is success. Had she never become known, she would have succeeded. All that followed was merely the world's labeling. There came the night when the grand opera star failed. All unrehearsed the unknown contralto was put into the part. She made the great hit. The Vienna director came rushing to her after the performance. "Wonderful! I must congratulate you!"

"Well! Well! If this isn't the man who told me I couldn't sing. You told me to go home and buy a sewing-machine. I have to thank you for stirring my ambition."

"Never give up," is her message to young people. "Never believe them when they tell you, 'You can't.' You can!"

* * *

True Calls and False Calls

This does not mean that all or many may become singers like Schumann-Heink, but I do believe it means that all who feel a call to sing can get just as much happiness out of singing as the great contralto can get out of singing.

I imagine no artist ever sings, plays, speaks, acts, writes, designs, builds, or runs an office, a farm, a store, an engine, a bank or a bakeshop (for anybody who does anything happily and well is

an artist whether designing a pumpkin pie or a Greek temple), that some one watching does not wish he could do that. You can—if you are willing to make the effort.

If some child should say, “I want to jump to the moon,” I would say, “All right! One for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four to go! Jump!”

You think I should not encourage the child to try to do the impossible? What is impossible? The child will likely never jump to the moon, but there is some little battery inside it calling to be used in that direction, and as the child tries to jump to the moon, and keeps on trying, it will land in its playground. It is out there towards the moon, or that is the start of the path to its playground.

You see, these calls are so vaguely interpreted at first. I used to think I had a call to be a brakeman on the railroad. It was not the railroad business that called, it was the excitement of the riding on a swaying car. Many a person goes following a call from one profession to another, following that “warmer” call, and that is right, for if he follows intelligently, each change is just the clicking of another switch carrying him to the real mainline to his playground.

The other day I say a dozen trains side by side in the St. Louis Union Station. One was

placarded "To New York," another "To San Francisco," another "To Chicago" and yet another "To New Orleans." Yet as each train started to follow its call, it went the same direction as all the rest. All the trains were first called to run out into the yards beyond the station. The train really called to New York was first called to go the opposite way.

"That train will never get to New York going that way," you say. But wait. As it follows its first call, a switch clicks and its call veers it a little to the north. It follows on till another switch turns it farther eastward, and presently as it keeps following its call it finds itself running towards New York.

You had a call to come down town this morning. Perhaps the call led you first east to one street-corner, then south to another, and so on, but all the time leading you nearer your destination.

The dog follows the scent uphill and down, first this way and then that way. He stays right on the trail of his game wherever it leads. That is success. We are trailing our calls thru life. Very few follow a distinct call that leads straight thru. Very few can hear the call so clearly. Very many of us must follow the trail by elimination and development thru one work to another.

But don't forget that the dog keeps running on

the scent. So many of us either quit running discouraged or chase about with the tramp's wanderlust.

Some people say if they follow their natural calls they will go wrong. They excuse their sins and excesses, their chronic and periodic "orneryness," their slavery to wrong habits, by saying, "I can't help it. It was born in me." O heredity! What crimes are committed in thy name! They are fooling themselves and trying to evade responsibility—moral "slackers" trying to hide behind ancestors who cannot protest.

I have tried to show on another page that the real call is the "still, small voice" leading us upward to higher, purer, happier self-development. The false call is the suggestion leading downward into baser, coarser, unhappier life.

Big Business is following the calls that lead upward.

* * *

Why Nordica Said, "Don't"

Let us discuss singing as a type of every art. Why do you want to sing? Is it because you want to stand before an audience and get applause, get your name in the paper and have people turn to look at you as you pass? That is

the call of your selfishness and vanity more than your talents. And these motives, if allowed to dominate you, will never lead you to success and happiness.

It is said that Nordica was once asked to write an article for a periodical on "How to Become a Grand Opera Singer." She replied that her price would be \$10,000 and the article would have just one word, "Don't."

For doubtless Nordica was thinking of the countless human moths drawn to the fierce glare of the grand opera stage, thinking that fortune and fame awaited them. She was thinking of the common scenes like a recent one where a famous prima donna indulged in a hysterical outburst, tore her hair and bit her lips till they bled, because she had been assigned to a certain role twice, while her rival had been assigned to it three times.

She was thinking of the young singer who sat in her dressing-room and went into tantrums when another singer on the stage scored a triumph, until a number of people were necessary to quiet her.

Yes, they had found their "thimble," but the joy of their expression is tainted by the discords of jealousy.

She was thinking of the multitudes of singers who have lost their voices and fame and vogue (oftentimes their money, too!) as they flutter

around the lobbies, gazing despairingly at the artists applauded on the stage and remembering when they were applauded.

She was thinking of the pitiable strugglers thru the years who have waited for a chance, some of them deluded into belief that their mediocrity is artistry, by sordid teachers. They, too, haunt the lobbies, clinging to forlorn hopes and perhaps explaining that they are the victims of malice or persecution.

* * *

I am not so sure that schools that lay great stress upon "situations guaranteed for students," are not bidding more for dollars than development.

There is the dead-line. Do not confuse your shining with your marketing.

As in music, so in every field. Study business, study mechanics, study the arts and sciences to be able to play a better game with finer toys and tools.

* * *

Then Go Home and Sing

But it is quite right to want to sing to audiences. Suppose you go up to the bureau or to the

impresario and tell them you want a position to sing. You will have to be very talented even to interest them. You may find it hard to get a hearing. A manager recently said that he had given interviews to 20,000 applicants for platform positions, and had given hearings to half that number, the past twenty years. These were all concert applicants. "It seems like more than a million," he adds! Perhaps he heard twice or thrice as many more reader and lecturer applicants. You realize a busy manager must cut his hearings short.

I do not like to be about bureau offices. Too many tragedies there. Too many young people go away with red eyes after being refused places. For every singer on the stage there were scores refused.

Won't they hire you to sing? Are you going to say, "There, that settles it. I cannot sing?"

Suppose a bird should go to the bureau and say, "Mr. Bureauman, hire me to sing in your front tree." Suppose a flower should go and ask, "Please, Mr. Bureauman, will you hire me to blossom in your front yard?" Now suppose the bureauman should say, "Excuse me, Mr. Bird and Miss Flower, but I have all the birds and flowers I need," do you suppose the bird would go away

saying, "There, I can't sing"? Do you suppose the flower would say, "I am a failure"?

All this world is left to sing and blossom in. Go back home and sing. Study and develop at every opportunity. Sing at church, sing at home, sing in your work. If they won't let you sing there, go out in the barn and sing—sing to the cows, sing to yourself. For you are the only real audience that counts. It matters little where you sing; it matters much why you sing. You sing to be happy, and nobody but yourself can prevent you from being happy in singing.

There are thousands needed to sing in kitchens to one needed to sing on the stage. To my mind there is no sweeter music than the contented song of the woman at her home work, or the whistle of the man at his job, or the lullaby of the mother at the cradle.

Over in the fields are thousands of flowers. It matters little where they blossom or which is great and which is small. It matters little whether they are ever gathered and sold in bouquets. It matters much that they blossom wherever they are.

And if you want to get before audiences, start your work at home—make your own audiences. If you can make your own audiences, you will not have to go to managers; they will come to you.

Those Amateur Artists

I do not laugh at amateur musicians as I once did. They are artists to the extent they can get joy out of their music. When I hear somebody with a poor voice and little musical ability trying to sing, when I hear an amateur orchestra or band doing its joyful best, when I hear somebody trying to whistle, I respect their sincere efforts to follow the call. No matter what the music is—classic or unclassic, highbrow, lowbrow or no brow, ragtime or the jazziest of the jazz—I now respect it to the extent it is giving joy to the players, even tho I have to move out of earshot, because unable to hear only the spirit without the understanding.

I will lovingly join in trying to help them develop their musical batteries or show them they have pressed the wrong button.

The amateur has just as much right to like his rattlebox music as the highbrow has to like his classics. It is a matter of education and training. The Chinaman laughs at our sensuous, simple, harmonious music, just as we laugh at the noises he calls music, tho each tone to him conveys a distinct thought or picture.

The amateur often gets far more joy out of his music than the professional who is metering out a higher-grade article. One of the foremost

musical critics recently said he would rather hear an enthusiastic young, half-developed player or singer than some professionals who have "arrived." In the young one, the bloom is on the peach, the enthusiasm and joy are there, and the other is too often retailing it by the joyless yard. Keeping the bloom is keeping successful. A virtuoso who had been before audiences all his life and who wore a row of medals kings had pinned to him, told me he never picked up his violin to play that he did not feel he was just glimpsing the possibilities of his instrument, not the master of it. He had kept the bloom on the peach.

I have often been disappointed in hearing a famous speaker. He gave the lecture that made him famous, but the zest, the joy, the enthusiasm of the speaking were gone. He merely pronounced the words. It is the "spirit that giveth life."

* * *

Go on Writing

The writer sends his poem or story to the publishing office, and never hears from it, or else gets back the cold form letter, "We regret that we cannot use your contribution."

I know full well the hurt the young writer

feels. I have been hurt over and over that way. Now that I am an editor myself, I never laugh at anything sent to me to publish, no matter how crude it may be, for I know it was the best that some aspirant could do, and I want to write a kind note of appreciation. There is mighty little sent an editor that he can use, just as there are very few platform applicants who can "put it over."

Yet the editors and bureau-men keep hunting for good things. A bureau-man told me not long ago that half of his time was spent in looking for real attractions, and the other half in dodging would-be attractions.

Go on writing, if you feel the urge to write. That is a mental playground. After you have had the fun of writing something, it matters little whether it is ever printed or not. Perhaps it is far better for the rest that it is not printed. Likely, half the printed output would be more useful to the world as blank paper.

* * *

Here is a song-writer who sees it rightly. In his letter to a magazine, he says:

"I am a conductor on the N. Y. C. railroad—and a song writer. The song writing is a sideline with me,

but I get a good deal of enjoyment out of it. It is difficult for me to tell you which gives me the greater amusement—sitting up to the ‘wee sma’ hours’ trying to make a proper melody out of the muse, or reading the rejection slips of New York music publishers. I should worry! As long as I am able to pull freight for Uncle Sam I can laugh at rejection slips.”

And the magazine editor joyfully comments:

“It was Rosseau, as we remember, who remarked that no man ought to be dependent upon literature for a livelihood. It should be a glorious side-line to his regular job of farming, stevedoring or plumbing. We congratulate you! It would give us less pain, in sending out our own rejection slips, if we knew that every one who received them had a good job and was writing for the fun of it.”

* * *

Then Get a “Meal-Ticket”

But you say, “If they don’t hire me, I’ll starve.”

No! Be natural. The bird goes right on singing. The flower goes on blossoming. The flower does not go to the Department of Agriculture and ask for a permit to blossom. The fish does not go to some whale and say, “Please may I swim?”

The bird does not even ask Mr. Carnegie to endow him while he sings. The bird perches in any tree he prefers and just pours out his soul as he feels. No admissions at the gate. No patrons and patronesses. No passing of the hat. No matter whether you listen or not. Presently the bird feels hungry. He stops the concert and puts a sign on his studio-door:

Gone to dinner. Back when I get
my stomach full.

A. BIRD

Then A. Bird goes out and rustles for worms and bugs. Or if it is wormless or bugless day, he fills his stomach with whatever the ornithological Hoover orders, and then flies back and resumes the Hallelujah Chorus right where he left off before dinner.

And remember the flower goes on blossoming, but roots for a living all the time.

That is the message to you and me. If we cannot market our thimble-products to make a living, we'll naturally have to get a "meal-ticket." We'll have to saw wood or carry a hod or do something to earn our board and keep. And we'll have to do our singing and blossoming between times.

Some of the happiest, most successful people I know, have to work all day at their "meal-ticket" jobs behind counters, at ticket-windows, swinging axes or washing dishes. But after their work hours you see them at their "thimble-jobs"—singing, playing, reading, studying, writing, painting, designing, inventing. And they do not look upon their "meal-ticket" job as drudgery, but love it as a live-preserver to float them as they play the games that call.

A person who has only a "meal-ticket" job is really to be pitied as much as the person without a job, for he is not being what he was created to be. He is not living, he is merely existing.

And the "thimble-job" person is equally to be pitied, if he goes hungry in this world of plenty. He is a failure to the extent he is unhappy from hunger. I knew a good violinist who fiddled himself to skin and bone in an attic, and mourned because nobody else loved his fiddle. But if he loved it and got joy out of it, why worry about the rest?

I knew a pretty fair artist who nearly starved because he could not market his pictures after painting them. He used to wail that the world did not appreciate his art. Both fiddler and artist should have developed their batteries of good sense along with their art. They should have found "meal-tickets." I vividly remember the

painter, because I had to collect rent from him every month. I mean, I was supposed to collect the rent each month, but almost every time I tried to collect, he would tell me such a sad tale of want and worldly neglect, that I would lend him some money and further pauperize his art.

Upon fuller reflection, I may be wrong. I think now the painter found his "meal-ticket" job in working me.

* * *

Don't "Work for a Living"

O, the most tasteless, unsatisfying existence is just "working for a living." It is working for a dying. It is slow suicide. It is keeping the body alive and letting the mind and heart die. Change "working for a living" to living for a work. Don't live on the skim-milk, rise to the cream. Get a "thimble-job" if you have to work at it for nothing and board yourself! Get a side-line, get a fad. Collect stamps, scalps or tin cans. Play golf. Organize a society—anything to start your batteries.

Often our "thimble-job"—our Big Business—is something we cannot market to the world at all, and our "meal-ticket" job is some notable work in the world's estimation. Often they mix. Per-

haps J. Pierpont Morgan would not have been such a successful financier if he had not allowed himself to become such an enthusiastic art collector.

Don't be an old bachelor or maid of all work. Hold on to your "meal-tickets," but follow the "thimble" calls, fall in love with your real work and marry it.

"I am happy today," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "because I have done good work."

CHAPTER VI

WHY AM I NOT HAPPIER?

Press More Buttons

YOU and I have asked that question, "Why am I not happier?" Some of us have said, "I have found my work, but it seems as tho the older I get the unhappier I become." That is, the more we "succeed," the more we fail!

The other night a man led me thru a door into a dark room. I stood there helpless until he pressed a button and one light shone around us. Then I saw we were in a vast shadowy room. There were the dim outlines of printing-presses around me, rows of them filling that room.

"Why aren't these presses running?" I asked him.

"The pressmen are on a strike," said the man.

It was a very unhappy, very unsuccessful printing plant. And yet it was filled with a great equipment of the most successful machinery. There were six floors of a great building successfully equipped and yet very unsuccessful, all standing there idle and dark.

The next night I saw a force of men enter the

plant. They pressed button after button and the lights began to gleam from every window of the building. A man pressed a button beside a press and it began to hum. Another man pressed the button on the next press and it began to hum. Soon row after row of presses were humming.

The strike had been settled. The plant was again running successfully.

* * *

Can we not find an answer to the question, "Why am I not happier" in noting how the printing plant became happier? It had to light up, settle the strikes, press the buttons and speed up to capacity.

There are armies of incompetents, drifters, loafers, aimless souls just existing day by day and sliding along in the line of least resistance. They are like the dark, silent printing plant with no vision of their own dimensions nor equipment. There are more armies not getting anywhere because they have a strike on with the Proprietor. They are even unhappier.

There are others who have pressed a button or two and have a part of their machinery running. They are getting some happiness. Others are running more of their machinery. None of us have gotten up to full capacity. There is more

happiness for each of us by pressing more buttons.

Suppose there were ten batteries to this flashlight and only one of them was shining, how successful would it be? Ten percent successful and ninety percent failure. Is not that the case with most of us? We are idle, or we are letting one or two of our talent batteries shine forth—enough to run our shop or keep our house, and sitting on the lid of the rest of our abilities.

* * *

The world spends a lot of its time getting incompetents to repair the botch work of incompetents. The incompetents themselves are the greatest sufferers. They get little joy out of their work. They do their work under protest, hence it becomes punishment. If they could find their "thimbles" and know the joy of wholeheartedly letting their light shine, they would be transformed. That careless stenographer might become a happy shopkeeper. That botch tailor might become a fine electrician, and that sleepy postal clerk might become the liveliest kind of a writer. And if a great thimble-awakening could come into their lives, they would throw new devotion into these meal-ticket jobs as they saw them making possible their development.

Set the prize before them, give them a motive, and you'll not have to drive them. Did you ever notice how a team lags when it is being driven with a hard load away from home, and how it pulls when going towards home? So many a boy has run away from a "good home" because he was driven to work without being given a motive to work.

Children are not lazy. You never saw a child that was lazy if it was well. If they are not working with all their hearts and strength it is because their hearts are not in their work. Do you notice that those same children who dawdle rebelliously over housework forced upon them, will joyfully work their heads off at building a playhouse in the back yard? Then why not turn workhouse into playhouse? Get them interested in their job and they do it with a shout.

I never worked harder in my life than the day I was a little boy helping a groceryman move his stock half a mile to a new store-room. It was the privilege of carrying candy and things to eat. That groceryman understood boys, and he got fifty of them to work all day by making them see what a privilege it was. He never paid us a cent! I think we would have felt insulted if he had.

I wish I could hold this flashlight before the tramps, misfits and down-and-out-ers along the street, idle and unproductive as the printing plant

in the strike, and say to them: "No matter how battered and rusted and short-circuited you are, you are a flashlight. Come, press the buttons, one by one. Get into the game, speed up and find your happiness grow."

* * *

"How do you measure the value of an employee?" the general manager of a large institution was recently asked.

"By the degree of supervision he requires. The less supervision he needs, no matter what he is doing, the more valuable he becomes."

* * *

Failures and Successes

I am sorry for the man who says, "This is the worst town on the map." He is helping to make it so. I am sorry for the man who says, "People never used me right." He never used people right. I am sorry for the man who says, "Everybody is out for the coin. Beat 'em to it. What's there in it for me? I'm not in business for my health. Come across with the dough!" Poor little runt! He is not in business at all. He is just in the daily job of robbing himself of the joy of life and turning himself into an embalmed

cash-register. He follows his nose around, and the only world he knows is the path from where he sleeps to where he grinds. He shuts in every gleam of his batteries unless somebody pays him money.

By the time he has scraped together a big pile of money, his poor old carcass wears out, dries up and blows away, and his children's lives are blighted squabbling over the estate.

I am sorry for the alleged merchant who keeps his store placarded with flaming "selling out below cost" banners, who "undersells everybody," who runs "the cheapest store on earth," and whose main business is to unload shoddy goods upon ignorant customers.

But I like to go into a store where the proprietor says, "My store is my playground. I get a lot of joy running a good store that I can be proud of, and stocked with goods that I am proud of. It is a pleasure to sell good goods at right prices. Salesmanship is being a big brother to every customer. It is a pleasure to sell them right things, so that the people say the goods are good like the man who sold them to us. Running a store is just as much art as painting a picture."

That merchant is a success.

I am sorry for the banker with the shifty eye and the metallic laugh, who never tells you anything above a whisper, and looks furtively around

as he whispers. He never thinks outside of dollars. But I like to go into the bank where the banker looks me straight in the face and smiles a wholesome smile. He is the man the farmer comes to for financial advice and credit. He is the man the manufacturer seeks for counsel. His constant thought is how to make every dollar do its utmost with safety to the interests of all. He can be one of the community's greatest teachers of honesty as he teaches faith in meeting financial obligations, even when he sues some laggard.

That banker is a success.

I am sorry for the pettifogging lawyer that haunts the courthouse corridors to fatten like a vulture on the unfortunate on the battlefields of life. He is the Esau, the Judas of modern life. But I am proud to meet the lawyer who says, "I am a lawyer because I could not be anything else. The law appeals to me. I love it. It is a wonderful profession. I am just as happy—yes, happier—when I keep people out of lawsuits than when they get into them. I am happy when I can induce them to settle their troubles out of court." That lawyer becomes the honored and trusted friend of the community. Fathers leave this earth secure in the knowledge that their families and dependents will be cared for by such a trustee. He stands a Gibraltar among men.

That lawyer is a success.

I am sorry for the newspaperman with the cynical view of life. God knows he sees the weak, selfish, sordid, cynical side of life more than any other, but God pity him when he allows it to get into his heart. When he gets to the place where he sells his opinions to the highest bidder and lets his advertisers dictate his policies, or has no policies, he is a very unhappy little peanut. But I like to meet the newspaperman who says, "I love the business and couldn't be happy at anything else. I love to run a clean, bright, truthful paper. I am father confessor to this community, I preach to more people here than anyone else, I dare to tell the truth. I am shaping the life of the people." When you open a newspaper and say, "There's no news in the paper today," be glad that the editor did not print all he knows. A real newspaper is known, not for what it prints, but for what it refuses to print. What it prints is constructive, never destructive.

That editor is a success.

I am sorry for the teacher who says, "I am a fool to stick in this business. I am underpaid, and I am going to use it as a stepping-stone to something else. There is nothing in teaching as a profession." Get out of it today, brother. You are injuring it and yourself. But when I hear a man or woman say, "I teach year after year because I love to teach, because I love to work with

young people, because I feel that this is my place where I can be happiest," then I want to bow low before a real teacher with a call. Happy the pupils who can study under such a teacher.

That teacher is a success.

I am sorry for the people who have to stop in many of the hotels in the small towns of the United States. And I am sorry for the people who keep them, for they do not keep the hotel, the hotel keeps them. They have no pride nor joy in making them comfortable, clean and inviting. But here and there is a hotelkeeper who makes a bright, clean, welcome home for tired travelers. That person is a minister, an artist and a blessing to the public.

That landlord is a success.

I could go calling the community roll of Little Businessmen and Big Businessmen. Some of the finest players and greatest successes never get into type. They peddle papers, shine shoes, wash dishes, drive drays and shift the scenery of the community playhouse.

* * *

Educational Snobbery

The advertisements of certain correspondence schools delight in showing a prosperous, well-fed man sitting at a desk giving orders to a poorly-

dressed man on the other side of the rail, who carries a dinner-bucket in his hand.

The man at the desk is the boss; the dinner-pail man works for him. The inference is that the man at the desk is a success because he is the boss, while the dinner-bucket man is a failure, and if the dinner-bucket man will only take eleven lessons in this justly famous correspondence school he will drop the pail, sit at the desk and be a success!

Such false appeals are an affront to the spirit of a democracy. All honest service is equally honorable and equally successful. Our only real success comes not in raising our salary, but in raising our efficiency. Our success starts in doing the things we are naturally equipped to do. Dropping the dinner-pail and sitting at the desk may mean a rise in salary and a fall in success. The man with the dinner-pail may be more successful than the man at the desk, for he may be happier. It is a question of each man finding his place. One kind of ability is needed to carry the dinner-pail and quite another to sit at the desk.

"We can raise your salary," shouts one school. Another uses up a costly page to show that one out of twenty-five with a college education succeeds greatly, while one out of 2,500 without college education succeeds greatly. All Outside talk. By all means get the college education to raise

efficiency, not salary. Let the salary come as the by-product, and it generally follows. But don't get the cart before the horse or your world is going to run backward. You cannot measure success by salary.

The janitor of this building and the one who scrubs its floors may be more successful than the owner of it, for they may be happier and getting more out of life, because giving more out of their lives.

* * *

We Are Free and Equal

I don't care how many gold bands and diamonds you have on the outside of your flashlight, how much are you shining? Did you ever stop to think, there is more unhappiness in big houses than in little houses? There are more rich failures than poor failures.

The Declaration of Independence says that all men are created free and equal. That does not mean all men are created free to do as they please, nor to have equal fortunes nor the same size farms, houses or bank accounts, any more than it means that all men should have the same number of carpenters' tools. Money, lands and power are merely tools to be held and used by those who have the ability to use them properly, and to be taken away from them when they do not use them

properly, which means for the benefit of all humanity. To give a lot of money to a spendthrift would be just as foolish as to give a set of carving tools to a woman who cannot sharpen a lead-pencil. We cannot expect to have until we get fitted to use, else we would hurt ourselves.

The Declaration means that all men are created equal in the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Pursuing happiness does not mean chasing it. There is the tragedy of this world. Pursuing happiness means playing the games of life and letting the happiness come to us. It always comes when we play the game fairly. You and I and everybody are like big and little jugs floating in a great ocean of happiness. All we have to do is to pull the corks and open up, and the happiness runs in. All the big and little jugs get equally full of happiness.

Chasing happiness is like pulling the jugs across the ocean to fill them, and running the risk of smashing them along the way. Big Business is just pulling the corks!

* * *

Each of Us a Monopolist

Each of us is a flashlight. Our success is not in getting the gold bands, the diamonds or the big

house, but in shining. Each of us has this one job of shining. Nobody can compete with us in it, nor take it away from us. We have a natural monopoly of Being Ourselves. Only one person in the world can be Ourselves. And Being Ourselves is being as successful as all the people in the world can ever hope to be!

It does not matter in the least what kind of talent-batteries we have, nor how many. It does not matter whether we have a talent to dig a Panama Canal or a city drain. It does not matter whether we have a talent to run a Waldorf-Astoria, a boarding-house or a bungalow. It does not matter whether we have a talent to run a Marshall Field's or a corner grocery. It does not matter whether we have the talent to be a Caruso or a choir-singer. It does not matter whether we have a talent to work for our country as President or as private.

But it does matter that we let our talents have full play. That is happiness. Paderewski can be no happier using his wonderful musical talents than you can be using your musical talents at your own piano. The big boss giving orders can be no happier than you and I obeying them, if all three of us are letting our own talents have as full play.

The astronomer can discover no more of heaven

with his telescope than the blind man on the street-corner without eyes.

Only one thing about a talent matters—that it be used. Use it and we are happy and grow. Isn't it amusing how you and I have envied other people's talents, when ours alone could make us happy? We have wanted other people's places, when getting them would have made us very unhappy and out-of-place.

* * *

Not Playing for the Gate Receipts

When did you stop playing? When you turned a flipflop for the fun of it you were playing. But when you got to turning flipflops for the gate receipts, you got to working. When you got to turning flipflops so you could get your name in the paper and get recognized as the greatest flipflopist in the land, then you got into sad, hard, thankless work.

We need gate receipts. Let us talk more about that in the next chapter. But the mistake was made when we got to thinking our pay was in the gate receipts or the big type instead of in the joy of flipflopping.

The community is just our larger playground. Business, industry, commerce are just larger

games with finer toys and tools. Let us not take ourselves so seriously. Not one of us is indispensable. Take any of us out of the community and the world will wag right on. Every job in the community is just another opportunity for us to have a good time, play the game, kick up our heels, clear our brain and let our light shine.

The ocean does not need the fish; the fish need the ocean.

I used to think that a minister was just a man who got up in church on Sundays and preached. Bless them all who minister that way! But now I am learning that everyone who has a good time and plays the game of life fairly is a minister, because playing is shining, and shining is ministering.

* * *

Enlarge Your Playground

So to be happier, **ENLARGE YOUR PLAYGROUND.** Find your vocations and your avocations. Run your home, your store, your shop, your farm, your office. Yes!

But be sure all your machinery and batteries are running, both in your business and out of it. Get into more games. There is a church near you that needs some of your light. Get behind

it. There is a neighbor over the fence needing you. Get under his burdens, help him solve his problems. There are public movements calling for help, calling to you. There are schools, clubs, causes, a hundred of them, needing you. As you discover them, and throw your heart and energies into them, you find your playground enlarging, you find the whole community is a part of it, and your happiness grows. You are growing.

In each community are a few doing so many things outside of their bread-and-butter business. They take the lead and bear the burdens for the public. They work hard, but they are needing no sympathy, they should be congratulated. They are the happy people. They are the best paid. Join them! Lose your life in service and you find it coming back to you radiant—all the batteries shining.

* * *

The Conductor Converted Us

There is no work that can not be made luminous with more light out of our own lives. A conductor on a railway train taught me that.

A hundred mad, wet, bedraggled, half-frozen people waited at a junction point. There was no operator there, so we could not tell how late the

train was. The station was too small to hold the half of us, so many stood out in the sleety storm of that January day where January days certainly can be raw—in the mountains of West Virginia. What we said about railroading in general as we shivered in that storm must have kept the recording angel busy.

When that belated train pulled into Bluestone, it was about two hours late, and a hundred cold, wet, abused people climbed aboard. We wanted to fight somebody. Each of us had a chip on his shoulder. One word would have started a riot. The cars were damp and uninviting. The sun didn't shine—there wasn't any sun! We hadn't been used right. The babies cried—miserable little brats! Life wasn't worth living. God had resigned!

A miracle happened. The car-door opened and a conductor entered, with a face like a sweet-apple-pie, all lit up. "Good morning!" he said, "glad to see you." Glad to see that woebegone crowd! "Folks, we're sorry to be so late, but it is a hard run today, and we're doing our best. Please be patient with us. Tickets, please."

That conductor went to the first man. "Good morning," he said as he shook his hand. "Glad to see you. Going to Jimville? Well, you'll get there about 10:30 if we stay on the rails."

"Good morning," he said to the next man as he

shook his hand and punched his ticket. "Good morning," he said to the next and to the next. "Oh, bless that baby! Mamma, what a pretty baby!" That man was treating the carful of passengers, mad, wet, bedraggled as they were, as tho they were guests in his parlor.

I rubbed my eyes. Am I dreaming? Am I dead and this the millennium express? You could hear the chips dropping from the shoulders of everybody as that conductor came down the aisle. The sun began to shine. The birds began to sing, the babies—the blessed little angels—began to crow. God reconsidered His resignation, simply because one man was letting more light shine than he was paid for.

There was an old brute—another old brute—sitting in the seat beside me. He had his face hard set and his mouth pulled down. He hadn't been treated right, and that conductor wasn't going to softsoap him. That wasn't no way to run a railroad—make a man stand two hours out in that rain and bring his "rheumatiz" back on him. O, how he would hand it to that conductor when he came up to him! And presently that conductor came up to him and took his hand and said, "Good morning! Glad to see you." The old brute's face slipped! "Good morning!" he smiled back like a lamb. Nobody could frown at that conductor.

I sat there with a warm heart. I am going to thank that conductor now when he can hear it, and not wait and put it into the resolutions of respect.

I went up into the smoker, where he had his tickets spread out over the front seat. "Mr. Conductor I want to thank you for what you did."

"What did I do?" he asked, with the smile still in place. "Sit down, old man, glad to see you. What did I do?" I think that was the finest of it all. He had been kind to people so long he didn't notice it. If I had done such a thing I would have put it in the paper next day.

"Man! When you came into that car this morning it was like Daniel going into the lions' den. We were all mad and we wanted to scrunch your bones. But you came in and smiled and said, 'Good morning, glad to see you,' like you meant it. And I am telling you what everybody on this train feels. We feel good, everything is all right, and we love you. Man, go on doing that. I have lived on trains about every day for the last twenty-five years, and I have never seen a finer thing than you are doing. You are a minister to travelers. You have a great work shaking hands with lonesome travelers on these mountain runs. You don't realize what a handshake means to them."

His eyes began to moisten. "Old man, you are

spreading it on pretty thick, but I guess you are right. The people do like to be treated that way, and I like to treat them that way. Just look at what they did to me the other day." He pulled out a watch—one of the finest I ever saw.

"Look inside." Inside the lid I read engraved how this watch had been presented to him by the officers, employees and patrons of the road as an expression of his kindness and faithfulness in the service. I learned that the people had spontaneously made up a purse all up and down the line. Nobody was allowed to give more than a dollar and children gave pennies.

There may be higher salaried men in railroad employ, but there are no more successful and better loved men than this conductor. A high official afterwards told me he was one of the best assets of that road. He is conducting people to a kinder life.

* * *

What a blessing to himself and all around him is the man at the ticket-window, at the postoffice window, over the counter, over the dinner-table, on the street or in any other place of public or private contact, who can cheer as well as serve. And what a handicap is the grouchiness of the person, be he ever so efficient, who is "deficient in radiation!"

There are two ways of saying, "No." One way turns you pleasantly back, the other way rouses your aggressiveness.

I used to wonder why everybody was so grouchy towards me. It took me forty-seven years to discover that it was because I was so grouchy towards everybody!

* * *

Give the Nickels and Dimes

Are not many of us in the mood of the man who has millions and generously wants to give great amounts for great causes, but goes around holding tight to the nickels and dimes, unheeding the thousand calls for his small change? We yearn to do great things for the world, but we do not see that some of the greatest work, after all, is giving out the daily nickels and dimes of good cheer and helpfulness.

Really, the world needs our many small gifts more than our occasional millions. Great structures are made from little bricks. We build our life of the daily nickels and dimes. The big twenties and fifties are not much worn, but the tired pennies and dollar bills are the currency that sustain the business of life.

So often we live with the idea that our success

and happiness are something we are going to get after while. Ever so many of us think we even have to die to attain happiness. No, it is a problem of right living, not of right dying. Success and happiness are not goals ahead, but heartbeats along the way. We can be just as successful today as we ever can be—just as successful as anybody in the world.

When is a bird a success? When it gets longer feathers? When it gets stuffed? When is a railroad train a success? When it gets to New York or Chicago? Is not a bird just as successful today as it can ever be? Is not a railroad train just as much a success at the smallest country station or anywhere along the track so long as it makes its time, pulls its load and does what it was built to do?

And is not the slowest freight train just as much a success as the swiftest express? Would not each be a failure trying to be the other?

* * *

Keep the Watch Running

Add to the picture of the flashlight this watch picture. I hold in my hand a watch. What is a watch?

A watch is made up of many parts—big parts

and little parts—some of them so small you have to use a glass to see them. It is made up of lids, dial, posts, regulator, springs, hands, big wheels, little wheels, jewels and other things. Some of the wheels go this way, some go that way, some go fast and some go slow. Some make noise and some “gumshoe” it. Some parts do not seem to do a thing but stand around and hold up the rest. I ask the regulator, “What are you doing?” “I am regulating,” he says. I ask the wheel, “What are you doing?” “I am wheeling.” I ask the spring, “What are you doing?” “I am springing.”

Yes, each part is doing some special thing. But each part is doing vastly more—it is helping to keep time. That is the Big Business of the watch. Every part must do its bit. Every part is necessary to every other part. If there is one part that is not doing its duty—if there is one cog that sticks out of line, the whole watch is affected.

The name of the watch is **THIS COMMUNITY**. Indeed, its name is the world. Every person in this community is a part of the community watch—every man, woman, boy, girl.

I ask one, “Who are you?” “Oh, I am the big wheel of this community.” All right, go on big-wheeling. I ask another, “What are you?” “I am the regulator.” All right, go on regulating. Go on being postmaster, banker, minister,

doctor, lawyer, mechanic, housewife. But remember that every other person is a part of the same watch. No two parts are interchangeable. Each must be in his place and do his work, or the watch cannot run perfectly.

The mainspring cannot get along without the hairspring, and both of them fail without the regulator. All of them fail without the tiny screws and pegs and jewels that hold them together. The city mayor is necessary, and the marshal and the merchant. But the drayman is just as necessary—and the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker.

The pretty dial-face girl may be necessary in front of the restaurant, but the blessed old wrinkle-faced cook is just as necessary out in the cook-room. Put the cook at the cash-register and the dial-face back at the dough, and the clock would be in trouble.

So bosses are necessary, but boss-ees are just as necessary. Generals are necessary, but they are helpless without soldiers to general. And soldiers are helpless without commanders. Capital is necessary, but labor is just as necessary. How foolish, then, for one wheel to try to dispense with or override another in the same watch!

We must find our "thimble" and help everybody else to find his. We cannot be successful when those around us are unsuccessful, save as

we are trying to help them succeed. One part of the town cannot be fully happy while another part of it is unhappy.

There cannot be a double standard of morals, for we rise and fall together. I am my brother's keeper—and my sister's too. Don't scold the bad man—help him. Don't scold the bad woman—help her! We are all parts of the human watch.

Success is never privately owned. The Big Businessman is interested in his own business, but he is interested in all other business. He is interested in his competitor. He is interested in his home and in all homes. He is working for himself most of all when he is working for all. He gets behind every forward movement. He asks just one question, "Is it for the good of the community? Then put me down for it."

The Big Businessman is director of the community music. He takes the many clashing, jangling players and instruments, tunes them together, and creates the symphony orchestra.

Henry Ford has the Big Business vision. He says, "Idleness is the cause of war. We must supply the remedy necessary to kill the disease. It is work. I am trying to do my part, and to help others to do their part." He slaps his men on the back. "I like to know my boys and I like to have them know me. That is the only way to get the best out of life."

Big Business Is Brotherhood

In other words, Big Business means being symmetrical in our lives and functioning properly—physically, mentally, morally. It means being well-balanced, not lop-sided. It means specializing but not monopolizing.

Look at the fine locomotive pulling the express train. Little Business means for it to run amuck and regardless of all other trains, and that means sorrow, failure and disaster for itself, sooner or later. Big Business means for it to specialize on its own run, but for it to take the sidings, to blow the whistle, ring the bell, carry signal-lights and make travel safe and happy for all.

CHAPTER VII

GET YOUR PAY NOW

In Your Heart, Not in Your Pocket

THERE is only one proof of our success and pay for it—HAPPINESS. The more we succeed in being what we are created to be, the more happiness comes to us. How successful we are always means how happy we are. We put our pay into our heart, not into our pocket. All that goes into our pocket is bookkeeping, fuel, tools and toys.

Happiness is not success, it is the harmony, peace and joy that result from success.

One of the world's pet delusions is that success and salary are synonyms. Success is shining. Salary is what the world is willing to pay for our light.

A chunk of coal is just as successful as a diamond—more successful from the utilitarian standpoint—and if you shoveled diamonds like coal, the diamond would sell lower than the coal. But the diamond gets the big pricemark because people who want to wear something their neighbor cannot have, bid high for the diamond. They

would bid just as high for a chunk of coal to wear if it were just as scarce.

If there were only ten blacksmiths in the world, each would draw a salary of a million a year. If there were a million Carusos or Rockefellers in the world, each would get a blacksmith's salary. Yet blacksmith, Caruso and Rockefeller are all equally successful as they let their own talents shine.

Men with talents to create and general much of the world's work are so scarce that the world bids high for them. Men who have talents to take and execute their orders are just as successful, but they are so plentiful they often get the low price labels.

* * *

Salaries Often Confessions

Many great salaries are the world's admission of its wrong perspective of service values.

Here is Charley Chaplin, film hero of the penguin feet. Charley was reputed to receive at one time a salary around a million a year for letting some of his talents shine on the screen. How successful is Charley? I do not know, for I do not know how much talent he is using and how much he is suppressing. That is, I do not know how happy he is.

President Wilson receives a salary of \$75,000 a year. I know people who think that Charley must be ten times as successful as our great war president if he gets ten times the salary. This is the world's confession that it would pay ten times as much to be amused as to be governed, that's all. Perhaps each is where he can best be natural. Put President Wilson before the comedy camera, put Charley in the White House, and I tremble for the results. Some ambassador would be hit in the face with a custard pie!

"Bud" Fisher, creator of those cartoon twins of trouble, "Mutt and Jeff," was reputed to receive \$150,000 a year for his drawings. How successful is "Bud"? Really, I do not know. I do not see how anybody with this cynical view of life he and many other popular cartoonists and stage heroes love to portray—the rough-and-tumble of dissipation, the travesties on home life—can be truly happy.

But I do know that many a minister, many a college professor gets the hundredth part of "Bud's" stipend for their light from as much or more genius. And I know that many people think that "Bud" must therefore be a hundred times as successful as these preachers and teachers. But this is merely the world's confession of how it values their output. The world would pay a hundred times as much to see somebody hit in the

head with a brick as to see him hit in the head with an idea.

The world often pays highest for the lowest appeals, and lowest for the highest appeals. It begrudges pennies to go to heaven where it squanders fortunes to go to hell. It pays Eva Tanguay a fortune to be audacious on the stage where it would pay her a pittance to be useful off the stage.

Go up and down the street and see the funny labels. See diamonds selling for junk and junk getting the diamond prices. See fools in limousines and kings afoot. See Shakespeare begging bread and chorus girls dining in lobster palaces.

All these have their day and pass. True values stand eternal while today's fever-mists blow away. Don't be fooled by labels and the tumult and shouting in the street. Salaries have nothing to do with success. All nature is perfectly successful without any salary beyond board and keep.

* * *

"From Fourteen Cents an Hour to Railroad President." This from a cheap magazine ad printed for people who do not think, but only think they think. Either this brassband school turned a poor fourteen-cent man into a good president, or it turned a good fourteen-cent man into a poor president. Go on developing, but bring us

improved fruit, not improved labels, as the proof of your success.

“From Log Cabin to White House!” As a boy I was fed up on this Fourth of July spread-eagle oratory. I was led to think that all of us could be president if we would try hard enough. Wouldn't the White House totter if we all tried to get there! The success of the White House rests upon millions of us staying in our cabins and letting our own light shine.

* * *

Why We Take Money

Are we not to take money for our work? Certainly! We must take money for our work that we can go on working. I must take money for my work and you must take money for your work. We take money for our work in order that we may go on working, just as the engine burns coal in order that it can go on running. It does not run to burn coal, it burns coal to run.

We go on eating that we can go on working. We do not go on working that we can go on eating. We eat to live; we do not live to eat.

Money is the BUY-product. Do not get the cart before the horse. We cannot be successful if we work for money. We cannot be completely successful if we do not demand money or other

compensation for our work, if the one we serve is able to recompense us. We take money to be kind and courteous to our clients. We take money to be mannerly—to be honest with ourselves and our customers. To give things to people, even to our own children, without requiring them to render service in return, is to pauperize them. When we give to people without requiring them to pay, we are as dishonest with them as they are with us if they take things from us without paying for them. They rob us of things and we rob them of the opportunity of paying for things.

No business, in the common acceptance of business, is honestly conducted if it does not finance itself. It is not honest to the management nor to the patrons. Selling things “below cost” is the most expensive selling. It is selling right business methods, attacking stability and teaching dishonesty.

Churches, schools, uplift associations are not expected to finance themselves—often they are failures if they do—but in the larger way, their beneficiaries must render adequate return for their help in growth and service, or these ministrations have failed. The man who thinks “salvation is free,” never gets any more salvation than he pays for.

Paying for things is teaching us to value things. We charge admission to a lecture to help people

appreciate it. They put something into it, they get something out of it. The biggest kicker generally comes in on a "comp." He paid nothing, he got nothing.

Nobody ever got something for nothing. That is why people who have everything done for them are not happy, and why people who have everything given them rarely amount to anything. That is why most charities fail.

* * *

Big Business Is All "C. O. D."

But the real pay is in our hearts. It is the joy of being what we are created to be—being in perfect harmony and at rest, even in the most strenuous action. No matter how hard the work or apparent struggle, we are at rest because soothed and sustained by the consciousness of being in our right place and of doing the right thing.

We get our pay all "collect on delivery." We get it out of our work, not out of our envelope. We collect it every moment like the bee collects the honey from the flowers, or we are poor collectors. Even tho we are working altruistically, we need not fool ourselves by saying, "Some day I'll be rewarded for this. Some day I'll be appreciated and thanked." No, get your joy of doing

it now, on the Inside, and balance the books. Close the transaction now, or you are going to say this is an ungrateful world.

Don't wait to be thanked; hurry on to avoid the kick. Do your good for the joy of doing, but don't wait for a receipt for your goodness; you'll need a poultice!

I am to get some money for giving this lecture. That is not the pay for giving the lecture—that is merely balancing the books with committee, audience, speaker, bureau, printer, hotelman, railroad, grocer, tailor and Uncle Sam. I am getting my pay minute by minute in the privilege of giving the lecture—in the joy of saying to you out of my heart these things that seem to me true and self-evident.

Big Businessmen believe in getting money without money getting them. They know its worth and worthlessness. They know its place is in the pocket, not in the heart, and they keep it in its place. They know it is a fine servant, a wonderful tool for service, but a bad boss. They hold their money in their hands as trust funds for humanity.

And they know the danger of scattering these funds blindly over humanity under the alluring guises of much so-called charity and philanthropy. They know it is robbing the people of making their own effort. And burning incense to their own vanity!

All Can Be Artists

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”

But all play and no work makes Jack an artist.

For play is art. That is the cheering fact of living. We are all artists as we give out our natural products and find our joy in the giving. Any work is art work when we lose our sense of labor in it, and find joy in doing it. We do not want to quit, we do not watch the clock, we do not need vacations to rest up from it, for doing it rests and refreshes us.

Art work is heart work. It is the finest play. If we go on needing many vacations and rest-spells, it is a pretty good sign we have not found our “thimbles,” or there is a clog somewhere in our batteries. The more perfectly balanced the engine, the less it wears.

I believe in vacations. I believe in playgrounds. I believe in vocations and avocations. But I believe most of all in making our daily work our greatest playground.

When we learn to find our holy-day every day in our work, we will not need to have so many holidays as we have them today. Concerns must knock off work, shut up shop, upset calculations and keep things in a turmoil for a week that there may be a day too often of dissipation and excess,

called "celebrating" a holiday, which is generally an un-holyday.

* * *

We think of Michaelangelo as an artist. He was expressing himself on the dome of St. Peter's—playing and praying, not for selfish gain. Shakespeare was certainly an artist. If he had said, "I shall write Hamlet to make myself famous and get a lot of money for it," do you think he could have written it?

Do you see why popularity kills art by seducing the artist from his ideals. He becomes an Outsider instead of an Insider. Do you follow the writer of a book that catches on and becomes a "best seller"? His publishers say, "Hurry up and write some more best sellers so we can go on selling them and make a lot more money for you and us." And unless he goes on listening to the Inside call, he gets his genius adulterated with hurrah and egotism and produces a shelf of inferior stuff.

That may be the reason why so many immortal artists got their immortality after their funeral.

* * *

We think of Thomas A. Edison working in his laboratories day and night as the artist of in-

vention. He is gray and famous. He goes on working because he has found his laboratories such a fascinating playground he often forgets to stop long enough to sleep. Indeed, you have read his recent statements about sleep and rest. He says we sleep too much, says three or four hours sleep are enough for anybody, and when we get more civilized we will not sleep at all! He declares that he regards this as the most important discovery of his life, that we sleep too much.

Generally speaking, it is the one who gets the least out of life, or puts the least into living, that needs the most sleep. "Please go 'way an' let me sleep."

You remember when the world wanted to honor him he hadn't time to stop playing to receive the honor! San Francisco and the Pan-American Exposition hung up millions of flags on Edison day out there and sent a special train across the continent to get him and bring him triumphantly back to its portals to be greeted by the wizard of plants, Luther Burbank. The special train backed up to his laboratories, but the inventor was too busy at work to get aboard. Finally they prevailed upon him to get aboard in his regimentals, and he settled himself in his private car and went on with his work. The train sped westward past station after station where cheering crowds tried to get a glimpse of the wizard of electricity, but he paid

no attention to anything but his notes and his work. His wife wired ahead, "I'll have him dressed by the time we get there."

That is play!

Perhaps it is well that all people are not like Edison. It would be a very chemical, mechanical, unsocial world if we were all Edisons. Most wives would want to see more of their husbands, and there could not be any expositions, nor anybody to use inventions, for everybody would be so busy doing his own inventing.

Edison has to go on being Edison. You and I have to go on being ourselves. As we do this we become just as successful as Edison. Just as much artists as Michaelangelo and Shakespeare.

* * *

Years ago when Evangelist "Billy" Sunday began his remarkable career it was freely predicted that he would not last very long. He was too intense, he worked too hard, he was "burning the candle at both ends," he was "killing" himself. The other day, more than twenty years later, I saw him "kill" himself three times in one Sunday in a great city tabernacle before twenty thousand people. He spoke every moment with an intensity that seemed to burn up every ounce

of energy. How could mortal man work as hard as he did and last? Yet after each sermon he jumped from his rostrum smiling and happy, refreshed and rejuvenated by his play. He said to me that day, "This preaching is a lot more fun than playing ball."

* * *

"Sadie," the Artist in Dough

I discovered just as great an artist the other day, tho she will likely not get into the big type. She runs a little boarding-house over in a little town in New York state. She is an artist in dough. Her home is her playground. Her kitchen is her studio. She has abolished work in the home and is the most painless housekeeper I have ever seen.

"Sadie" was singing when I entered that home, singing out there in the kitchen over a hot cook-stove in July. She always sings at her work. She came smiling to answer my call. Yes, I could stay there if I could "put up with things."

There were more new and ingenious dishes on that dinnertable than I had dreamed of in my philosophy, and each one exquisitely prepared. It was right at the time when housekeepers were complaining they could not cook well with the war

substitutes, but "Sadie" was doing wonders with cornmeal and barley-flour instead of wheat. "I have enjoyed working with the substitutes," she said. "I have a grand time in my kitchen trying experiments with new dishes."

And she was! The ordinary things—the bread and meat and potatoes and coffee and pie—all had an appetizing rebirth as "Sadie" brought them to the table. I never knew potatoes could be so good, baked beans so toothsome, and pumpkin pie such a benediction. And her new dishes were as wonderful and numerous as Edison's inventions.

A good many years she has sung in that kitchen, and the boys who boarded at her table and have gone to other parts of the world write letters back to her. There are no crow's feet in her face, because there is no drudgery in her housekeeping. May hers never become a lost art! "Sadie" will never grow old, nor "wear out," nor "beat her wings against a cage."

* * *

The Aristocracy of Workmanship

I believe the carpenter out there building a bungalow can be just as much an artist as Michaelangelo on St. Peter's dome, if he puts himself

into his work as wholeheartedly and finds the same joy and pride in his work.

I bow low before the finished worker anywhere. There is an aristocracy of achievement that touches all human effort. This hasty, commercial age has done too much to destroy it. There was once a carpenter who built the ponderous frame house to last for generations—put love, art, skill, honesty into that house—who would stand aghast at the rows of flimsy structures thrown together today.

There was a furniture-maker, a cabinet-maker who built a table or a chair with the care and honesty he would want a watch built. He would stand aghast at the cheap veneered stuff that has too often taken the place of his choice product.

I sat in the dining-room of a Southwestern hotel the other day and noted how the "marble" pillars were warping, cracking and peeling as unseasoned soft wood insists upon doing. I wondered how many dishonest impulses such an environment has inspired. I go into the "bargain store" and see the loads of shoddy stuff of every description that people are lugging into their homes and do not wonder at their slow progress.

One appreciates the fine old examples of book-binding, bootmaking, woodworking as he does the creations of painter, sculptor, author and composer. There is even a repair man who has made

his fame for "doing a good job," who will not undertake anything unless he can do it just right, who scorns the shoddy, sloppy work. This is the age of hurry, when the cry is for profits more than products. Bring back the old day of long apprenticeships! Let us again "learn a trade" instead of press a button.

Better have one good thing than ten poor things. Better be the workman that "needeth not to be ashamed." He can point to his products as the Roman matron pointed to her children, "These are my jewels."

Every great book is a love-letter from the author. Every great painting, building, business or loaf of bread is an expression of the love of the worker for his work.

* * *

The Cure for Jealousy

No one's success need necessarily be greater than another's success. This little flashlight I hold in my hand is just as successful as the giant searchlight that throws its beams for miles.

The blade of grass can be just as successful as the great oak. And one is just as necessary as the other.

It would be a very unhappy world if all lights were giant searchlights, or if all vegetation were

giant oaks. What a failure a giant searchlight would be trying to find a mouse in the pantry! What a failure the giant oak would be trying to cover a lawn!

I used to hope I could be a great searchlight. I used to think if I could once get in the big tower and get the label on me, "Great Searchlight," I would really be one. I would have been a great disappointment. The great searchlight does not seek the tower, it is compelled to go into it because it is so great. Now I am not trying to get anywhere, but am trying to lose myself in letting my own light shine, and I find it a tremendous, happy job, just being a "tallow dip."

I used to envy other people. Did you ever do that? I used to be very uncomfortable because one of my friends was doing forty things to my one. He was a youngster who came to the city green and raw from the western plains. When I first met him I pitied him and tried to steer him. I told him that two and two make four. He listened patiently and sincerely, and thanked me for telling him things. He has always been a wonderful listener. He knew so much more than I did, he saw so much farther, reasoned so much better, that today whenever I think of the way I used to try to enlighten him, I fall to figuring how much the solid ivory in my own head would bring in the open market.

That young fellow started a business, and hardly had it under way until he started another. Then he started another and another. I do not know how many enterprises he has going now—all of them going, too. His father says when he was a boy he was organizing the other boys and getting them to do things for him. A little later, Uncle Sam called him to Washington to help organize the war-work.

Now I begin to understand that he has the batteries within him that require all this outlet in organizing and carrying on. He simply has to go on seeing, dreaming, starting and running things, to keep his light shining and his talents employed. Anything less would be failure and unhappiness for him. He might do twice as much as I can do, and yet I would be a success and he mostly failure, because he has so much greater equipment of machinery to keep running and batteries to keep shining. He can do so much I cannot do. And I can do some things he cannot do! I need him and he needs me just as much. We are parts of the same watch, and the whole watch runs for him and for me. I am not jealous of him now. I am proud of him and rejoice that we all have the service from this great searchlight.

I used to hope to be a great literary star. I would read the writings of the great ones and try

to imitate them. But I could not do what they were doing. Now I understand that when they were writing their great literary successes, they were just about their Big Business of letting their light shine.

I used to envy the great singers. I wanted to sing. Now I understand the great singers have to sing to use their great voice-gift batteries. I have not such batteries. But I get joy out of trying to sing. I go off to myself when I try, the humane society having suggested it. The great deserve no more credit than the small. The credit goes to those who best let their own light shine.

There is such a relief in seeing this. Each of us has a natural monopoly of our own gifts. I read the wonderful messages and state papers of our President. I marvel at his ability to survey the world and bound and solve its problems. I am glad the world has men of such endowment. I am glad we have the great financiers and business generals. I am glad they have the batteries to do such things. They have to do them, therefore, to live their lives.

I turn back into history and read the chapters of achievement of generals, discoverers, inventors, composers, explorers. I take nothing from their deserving fame—for it is secure—when I voice the thought that they had to do these things

to be faithful to their endowment and let their light shine. And I can be just as successful as any of them by being faithful to my own endowment and letting my own light shine!

So I am making the happy discovery that when I am jealous of the success, fame or popularity of others, I am not letting all my own light shine. I discover that we are so happy and filled in letting our own talents have symmetrical and full expression that we have no place for envy of others. We become like the stars that sang together at creation morn, before the serpent of Little Business wriggled in with his selfishness, lies and jealousy.

It is often stated that of 100 men who go into business, 97 fail. The world means they failed to make their business run. But perhaps that failure was their next step towards success, for it showed that they were on the wrong path to being what they were planned to be. And perhaps great material success would have spoiled them or retarded their highest development.

Of all the pathetic failures of this life, one of the most abject is the man who has by some shrewd investment or lucky stroke gotten a great pile of money and has stopped right there. He has nothing but money, and he does not know how to use it. He cannot buy happiness.

Highly Paid People

The mother is drawing the Big Business dividends as she bends over the cradle.

The painter is getting his pay as he cradles his child of genius on the canvas. The author is getting his pay fathering the offspring of his life. The inventor is getting his pay giving birth to his dreams.

The highly paid people are the people who tell you, "I am in this work because I cannot be content out of it."

There is no other real pay, and we must get it now, not "some day."

One day in Innsbruck in the Tyrolean Alps I studied the wood-carvings on exhibition. Those peasants are wonderful woodcarvers. I was standing before one great block of wood upon which were carved hundreds of figures of men. I was told the carver had worked years producing this piece. Presently an American tourist who was trying to "do" Innsbruck in a day, rushed up to the block, gave it one glance, and as he rushed away said, "Poor fool! To waste so many years on one carving. He'll never get half his pay out of it."

I wondered if the "poor fool" wasn't the other fellow—the one rushing by the block and failing to appreciate it and realize that the carver long

ago got happily paid in putting his life into this masterpiece.

The other day a great baritone—one whose phonograph records, no doubt, are in your parlor—said he did not believe there were five musicians in Chicago who make a certain amount of money in a year. He named a figure so low I was very much surprised.

“Well, well! I thought musicians were better paid than that.”

The baritone said a fine thing: “We are well paid. I don’t know anybody so well paid as I am. My pay is my singing. If I were not paid a cent, I should go right on singing. I could not live if I could not sing. I am never so happy as when I get before an appreciative audience and sing to it.”

* * *

The Successful Old Failure

“I have never succeeded in my life,” said an old man in the little Nebraska hotel.

“What do you do?”

“I am a country schoolteacher.”

“Why do you teach school?”

“Well, I guess because I can’t do anything else. I have tried to quit it often enough. I have

stopped teaching and have gone into other lines that promised more money. But every time I had to quit it and go back to teaching. I couldn't be happy at anything else. I have been teaching country school ever since I was twenty, and now I am past seventy and am going to teach a country school next winter."

"Sit down, father. I thought I was in a hurry, but I have all afternoon for you. This is just wonderful. You are really teaching because you have to do it to be happy! Please tell me about your work."

I plied him with questions. Hour after hour he talked. The apologetic look left his face, and it began to shine as he got over into his playground. He told me of country schoolteaching as he had known it for fifty years, of the boys and girls who had grown up under his care. He said he had found every boy and girl a different problem, but he had learned that there is a key to unlock each heart. He told of the troubles he had overcome, of the many ways he had helped young people to find their "thimbles." He said he had discovered there are no bad boys nor bad girls. And as he told me how he had won so-called bad ones over, he would wipe his eyes, and then I would wipe my eyes.

"Father, promise me you'll never again apologize for being a country schoolteacher. Promise

me you'll never again say you haven't succeeded. When I think of the communities you have brightened, of the colonies of young people you have built into the backbone of American citizenship, I feel it has been a real privilege I have had today of sitting at the feet of a great leader.

I wish I could say this direct to thousands of schoolteachers who minimize their work. One of the greatest privileges of life is to be a schoolteacher. It is like being a father, not to one family, but to a community, helping to overcome the failures of unworthy parents. The teacher is doing more than anyone else in the community to shape its tomorrow. The school is a national fortress, the training-camp of citizenship, the cradle of liberty.

* * *

Winning the "Dirty Dozen"

"No bad boys!" What a memory waked as he talked! It was of the days of my own schooling hard on the heels of those blockhead days I was discussing earlier in this lecture. There was a bunch of bad boys—so bad they called us "The Dirty Dozen," and we were so proud of the name we laid awake of nights trying to live up to it.

We had a poor little, thin, pale, faded teacher.

He had consumption, and went about that school-room wheezing and coughing. He could do nothing with us. The neighborhood voted we all deserved hanging. One Friday night that pale, discouraged teacher said as school was dismissing, "Good bye, children, I am bidding you farewell. I have resigned."

I blush to this day as I remember how "The Dirty Dozen" went out on the schoolground, threw up our hats and yelled, "Hooray! School's out. Hain't goin' to be no more school. Teacher's got consumption. Hooray!" We were too young to have good sense. Isn't that just like a bad boy the world over who does not like school?

But there was more school. The next Monday morning there was a new teacher. I think the schoolboard had hunted all over the United States for the finest physical animal they could find. He wore long red whiskers, too—red whiskers flowing down over his massive chest.

Monday morning the red-whiskered man stepped up with firm and confident tread and stood beside the desk. "Good morning," he said with an innocent smile. "Good morning! I am your new teacher. I have come to teach your school."

Something told us that was true!

He made no rules, made no laws, he posted no "Thou shalt nots," but like Theodore Thomas

before his orchestra, he began to direct, and things went as sweetly and smoothly as a symphony.

He would say to one, "Go," and he would go. He would say to one, "Come," and he would come. He did not shout, nor bluster. He spoke softly and moved like a great Corliss engine. He would say, "That fourth boy down there, Ralph Parlette—is that your name? Well, Ralph, I would speak to thee," and I would go right up to him like a little lamb.

All this was gall and wormwood to "The Dirty Dozen." Our stock was going below par. This was the first time we had been made to obey, and we had never learned that "to obey is better than sacrifice." We decided to make a sacrifice.

Tuesday evening, after two days of obedience, we called a meeting of "The Dirty Dozen" back of the woodshed, all members present. We drew up resolutions—whereas, whereas, resolved, resolved!

"Whereas, things around here ain't like they used to be.

"Whereas, the presence of that red-whiskered teacher fills our hearts with sorrow.

"Resolved, that 'The Dirty Dozen' in convention assembled do here and forever declare that they have no future with said red-whiskered brute in yon temple of education."

Next day I graduated, *sine laude*. I did not consult father about the glad details of my graduation. I preferred it to remain a secret as long as I could go unlicked. I wanted to be a printer. Next morning I started for school, but turned up the alley back of the barn and shot downtown to the printshop. I got up on a tall stool at a case and began to set type. How happy I was—happy with a certain sense of foreboding that all was not well with my future.

That afternoon about four o'clock, I heard a firm and confident tread coming up the printshop stairs. You know they generally had the printshop upstairs in the country town because the rent was cheaper. The door opened and I saw some red whiskers coming thru.

Coming events cast their red whiskers before.

I tried to hide, but that schoolteacher saw me. He came right up to my case. "Ralph!" his voice was trembly like, "Ralph, what are you doing here? Why have you not been to school? Where are the other boys? Not one of them was at school."

"I hain't going to school no more. I quit. I'm going to be a printer."

To my surprise, he approved. "Why, boy, that is just fine. You are going to be a printer. I am always glad when a boy finds out what he wants to do." Right away my heart warmed

toward him. Everybody else was trying to stop me from being a printer. "But, Ralph, you are not ready to be a printer. You'll have to go to school and study books a good while yet before you can be a good printer."

I knew better. Down in my stubborn little heart I had decided to be a printer right away. That red-whiskered man kept on talking. He couldn't see he was not wanted there. He told me about his own boyhood. How he had come of a poor family and nobody encouraged him to go to school. How when he was twenty he worked in a brickyard and could not write his own name. But he waked up, went to school, worked his way thru college, and now he was so glad he had done it. He talked so earnestly to me, but I tried not to hear.

Finally he said, "Ralph, you don't understand, but the time is coming when if I can get you back to school and stick, you will not know how to thank me enough for getting you back."

"I hain't goin' back!" I remembered my oath to "The Dirty Dozen." I was slipping, tho.

That red-whiskered man came up closer to me—so close I could feel his red whiskers tickle my cheek. "Ralph," and his voice was more trembly like, "aren't you coming back to school? Don't you know if I can't get my boys back to school I'll be a failure and have to go away. You are

my boys. I love my boys. I have come here to help you. Come on back, Ralph, we haven't gotten acquainted yet."

Think of a schoolteacher talking that way. Loves his boys? Why, I thought all a schoolteacher wanted to do was to lick the boys. But he kept talking right on, his voice more trembly like, and you know yourself when anybody talks that way you just feel like jelly inside. "All right, [boo hoo!] I'll come back to school."

Of course! All "The Dirty Dozen" went back. The strike was called off. That man won us. He became our great playmate, and we became his select bodyguard. We would have waded across the Atlantic for that man, and not even have rolled up our pants. If anybody had said a word against that red-whiskered man, he would have had to settle with "The Dirty Dozen" en masse.

School was different after that. The books were radiant. A new note had been struck. That man inspired me to go on working my way thru school and college.

One day years afterward in a western city I saw an old, bent man who used to wear red whiskers. "My old teacher! It has come true. You remember the day you took me back to school when I had run away to the printshop? Well, I don't know how to thank you enough for what you did."

Again his voice was trembly like. "O, boy! I don't need to be thanked. It is grand to find you again. I didn't get much money back there, but I got great happiness in helping you boys discover yourselves. If I had my life to live over again I'd be just what I was—a schoolteacher."

* * *

Analyzing Our Motives

"Pay as you go," is a fine motto.

Get your pay as you go, is a finer motto. That is the fine art of living. Collect the pay every hour and balance the books. Make every transaction complete, with no strings on the future. No trading stamps to be cashed in afterwhile.

I have heard many people say, "When I get older I shall enjoy the fruits of my labors." But I have never seen one of them enjoy these fruits, for when they got old enough their enjoying machinery had worn out.

Enjoy it now!

They are like the farmer who retires and moves to town to enjoy himself. He soon dies, for his work is done.

The man who used to be the greatest pusher in his home town, who gave so much of his time and money to improve the town and help the people, is now out of everything. He used to say, "Some day the people will thank me for this. Some day

they will appreciate me." But now he says, "I'm done trying to serve the public. The people do not appreciate what you do for them." He looked Outside instead of Inside for his pay.

Are you trying to do good to others? Do you expect it to make you popular? Do you expect to get some advantage or promotion in return? Then sooner or later your house of happiness is going to totter.

Once I led a church choir. Hence these gray hairs. I pay tribute now to a soprano who was the embodiment of faithfulness. Every rehearsal night, every service, she was in her place. Many a time I saw her come thru rain or storm to be in her place. We could always depend upon Helen, for she used to say, "It is the love of God in my heart that keeps me going." The preacher preached about her, and often held her up as a shining example of faithfulness.

One day a stupidly brilliant idea entered my undiplomatic head. I had found another fine soprano, and I invited her to come to the choir to sing beside Helen. I wanted to congratulate God on having twice the praise, and Helen on having somebody to sing beside her.

You know the rest. The first time Nell sang beside Helen, was the last time Helen ever came to choir. So far as Helen was concerned, God wouldn't get any praise unless she could be the

entire praise department on the soprano row. And Helen said that I was her enemy and plotted to put her out. I shall never lead any more choirs. I prefer the trenches or work in a munitions factory or something not so uncertain.

I wish I could save many an "unselfish" church and prayermeeting worker from future bitterness. I wish I could make many a community leader look inside and analyze motives. I wish I could show them their real joy is not in selfishly monopolizing.

Let the plumb-line of truth go clear down where it will into our motives. It will save us much suffering and disappointment afterwhile. Some frankly admit, "I am doing this just to get the money." They are far more honest than the person who loudly announces, "I am doing this just for the good I can do."

Most likely, both are fooling themselves.

Indeed, when I hear even the minister, the evangelist, the reformer, the social uplifter, the missionary or any other of the recognized world forces for good announcing so loudly, "I am only doing this for the good I can do my fellow man," I wonder if he is not trying to shout to drown inward misgivings of just why he is doing it. The snake of selfishness must be crawling into his Eden and he is trying to camouflage it. Altruism does not need a press-agent.

If he is really doing it for the joy of doing it, he is so happy he has no need to explain why he is doing it.

When our business is paying us plenty of money, and we are getting ahead, getting popular, bowed to and famous, we discover that we are doing wonderful good. We see new and undreamed of virtues in our work. We see it very necessary to the world. We really get to thinking we are in it just for the great good we are doing. Uncle Sam found that out in the draft, and in the pleas for professions the war desired to discontinue.

The saloonkeepers even were able to get up an entire book of reasons why the saloon was a national, necessary blessing.

Stop the salary or other selfish interest. Would we see so much good in it? That is the test.

CHAPTER VIII

GREATER SUCCESS FOR EVERYBODY

It Is Right at Your Hand

WHEREVER we find unhappy people, right there we find happy people, living under the same conditions, breathing the same air, eating the same kind of food. We find the unhappy people and the happy people side by side in the city and in the country, in avenues and alleys, in palaces and cabins, in kitchens and parlors, on land and sea, in plenty and poverty, feast and famine.

As the transcontinental train crosses bare western plains, one sometimes sees a little "shack" or "dugout" miles and miles away from other human habitation. Some fashionably dressed passenger in the observation car discovers it, adjusts his monocle and makes the bright, bromidic comment, "Look! Look out there! How can anybody endure it to live out there on that desert a thousand miles from nowhere. Not a push-button in reach. It must be terrible."

And often in that "shack" or "dugout" there are happier people than aboard those Pullmans.

So often the people out in the country or the frontier regions have the wrong thought about it themselves, and they say to the visitor, "You must not expect city advantages out here. We have to do without a lot of things, living so far away from civilization. We are off the main line, you know, and out of touch with the world."

"City advantages!" What are they? We must have cities and millions must live in them, but for every advantage the city-dweller must take on two disadvantages. "Off the main lines" of dirt, noise, crowds, stuffiness, squalor, gossip, dissipation, excess, fever, artificiality, but right on the main lines of God's sunshine, fresh air, flowers, birds, grass, beauty, privilege, inspiration, opportunity, with hearts as true and homes as sacred. And civilization is bringing every good thing of the city right to the country-man's door.

* * *

Look Right Around You!

An artist once asked me to take him out in the country where he could sketch a landscape. I was very much flattered. I set out with him and walked an hour into the country. A mile he followed me, then another mile. At last he sat down on the roadside. "Where are you taking me?"

“It is only a mile farther.” I was thinking of a little lake and a hillside where I thought he might make a picture. I thought no picture could be made without a lake and a hillside in it. “That is the nearest place to a landscape. There is nothing around here.”

The artist laughed. “Man, where are your eyes? Don’t go a step farther. We have been passing beautiful landscapes all the way, and right here are wonderful ones.”

“Where?”

He climbed the fence and sat down between two rows of corn. He began to sketch what he saw there. He drew two rows of corn with the pumpkin-vines growing between. He sketched the stalks, the waving blades and the graceful pumpkin-leaves, and as I watched him I saw for the first time how beautiful these things are. He made a fine picture of what I had never before noticed right around me.

“That is the trouble with people,” he said. “They so often think they have to go away off, over to Europe or to the other side of the world, to find the beautiful and precious things, when they can find them right in their own backyards.”

Same thing the porter said that day: “Goin’ from where dey are to where dey ain’t.”

Let us throw away our telescopes and get microscopes! People who burn up thousands of

miles in their big touring cars may not really tour as much as the one who walks a mile. A dollar buys some people more than a million buys others.

Grandfather used to run around asking, "Where's my spectacles? Somebody's got my spectacles." And all the time they were on his nose. Did you ever see a man rushing wildly thru the storm to get to shelter, with an umbrella under his arm?

Maeterlinck's "Bluebird" tells it wonderfully well. The little brother and sister, Tytyl and Mytyl, set out to find the bluebird of happiness. They leave their home and go searching everywhere in the earth for it. And after wearisome journeys in which they fail to find it, a kinder mood comes to them, the lesson of love and service to others comes into their own hearts. Then, lo! they discover the bluebird right back there in their own home!

* * *

He Saw Ants, Not Niagara

Because your playground and mine are different is no reason why one should fault the other. That farmer who looked at Niagara Falls and said, "This would be a bully place to wash sheep!" has been pitied and laughed at since that joke was first peddled. But perhaps that farmer

got more real joy out of caring for his sheep than most of those who have laughed at him can get out of the grandeur of Niagara that failed to interest the farmer.

For there is a distinguished bacteriologist of Chicago who went to Niagara for the first time. His friend led him to the wonder cataract and waited to hear his rapturous outbursts. Not hearing anything, he turned to look at the bacteriologist. He had given one glance at the falls and then stooped down on the ground where they were standing. He had seen a colony of ants there, and he lost all interest in the falls. His playground was that anthill, and for four solid hours that man watched and studied those ants, for it was a new species for him. He paid scant attention to the falls, but thanked his friend for taking him to the anthill! He came away with a notebook full of new antology.

I might add that bacteriology and entomology are his "thimble" jobs. His "meal-ticket" job is dentistry, in which he has made a fame.

* * *

Happiness More Than Cheerful Veneer

Happiness? So many reply, "That means cheer up, cheer up! Just smile! Grin and bear it! Let the other fellow do the worrying!"

O, there are so many people saying that and preaching that. Sooner or later they discover the emptiness of their own talk, for they are trying to lift themselves by their bootstraps. This veneered cheerfulness is cheerful idiocy. This "Smile, — you, smile!" talk is the talk of the dope fiend. It is the talk of the drunkard who becomes intoxicated to drown his troubles. It is the ostrich sticking his head in the sand. It is running away from trouble instead of overcoming it. It is painting the face to cover up a bad complexion. And a lot of the society "cheer up" and parlor piffle is merely social cosmetic and polite paint.

"Let the other fellow do the worrying." If we have done anything to worry about, is it not dishonest to shove the worrying off upon the other fellow?

To cure unhappiness, treat the cause, not the countenance. Happiness is more than a grin on our face; it is a glory in our heart. It is the knowledge of being in our place. It is the consciousness that our machinery is working perfectly and harmoniously at the job for which it was designed. It is having our name written in the Blue Book of Life. It is the delight of seeing our rating daily rising in the divine Dun & Bradstreet.

"But you can't be happy all the time. Jesus was the man of sorrows."

“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Not the loafer’s rest, either on earth or in heaven. But the rest of increasing right activity. That is the ultimate abolition of labor and the Big Business of turning the universe into a playground. One of the reasons why I didn’t want to get to heaven when I was a little boy was that I would get so tired of sitting around with a harp and just shouting, “Glory!” I wanted to go where I could do things. Today we are better realizing that the real heaven is the ultimate playground of infinitely multiplied activities.

It is a dismal man-made theology that has sought to represent the Master as a man of sorrows. It is a hectic art that paints him so. Meekness, love, gentleness, purity, character, do not mean sorrow. They spell joy, triumph, glory, victory, success! Jesus was the happiest being the world ever looked upon, because the most successful Big Businessman. His constant greetings were, “Rejoice!” “Be of good cheer!” “Fear not!” “Give thanks!”

One reason you and I do not grow faster is because we do not rejoice enough. We get more as we are grateful for what we have. Every day should be Thanksgiving day.

Moral Worse Than Physical

I cannot conceive of a place or condition in which we cannot find happiness—if we are trying to do right—for doing right is the source of happiness. And the “doing right” is simply being what we are planned to be, to the limit of our ability. People can be “shut-ins,” they can lie on sickbeds and be in pain. They can be in solitary confinement, be exiled, isolated, banished; yet they can be happy. They can be crippled, blind, deaf, maimed, paralyzed, and yet they can be happy.

Sometimes I think we give too much sympathy to physical cripples and physical prisoners, and we give too little to mental cripples and moral slaves. Moral paralysis and sin-slavery are the sorrow-makers. Mere suffering in body, isolation, hunger can be borne amid rejoicing. Paul can rejoice in prison while Nero upon the throne above him is the unhappy prisoner, a prisoner to his vices and lusts, his life so intolerable upon the lap of luxury that he flees from his palace and begs a slave to end his misspent life.

I wish the child in the good home who yearns for “liberty” could be made to see that what appears to be liberty is really bondage. I wish the man or woman who yearns for the “bright lights,” and who thinks there is happiness beyond

the moral fence, could stop and ask, "Why?" I wish they could see before they take the sad steps that the fence that seems to shut them in is really the fence that keeps them out of an unhappy prison.

* * *

Why I Speak at Schools

Day after day as I travel the states on these lecture tours I see the same monotony of faces—tired faces, wistful faces, discouraged faces, dissipated faces, hard, metallic faces. They are on the trains, on the streets, in the hotels. Behind these faces often are the kindest hearts. But many of them are saying, "It is too late for me," "I am living for my children," "I never had any chance," "in my day," "I wish I were dead!" Very few of them look forward to happier life, but seem to feel they have crossed some Rubicon of disability. That is the devil's mental lobby, as paralyzing as the German bureau propaganda of fearful frightfulness in the world war.

"In my day." "My day" for everybody is today! Yesterday is dead and buried. Start anew today with the blessed lessons of the bumps of yesterday. Go on and don't get bumped in the same place. There never was so fine a day as

today for you and me to live, for we never were so finely equipped with experience.

I love to slip away from these tired fellow-travelers and go over to the schoolhouse. I like to gather the children about me and talk to them. They are like the sensitive, receptive soil of a new garden. They are like the little flower and vegetable beds, the ground all pulverized and ready for the seed, without a clod in the way. They are not "disillusioned." Their faces beam with cheer and hope and faith. To them life is a beautiful spring morning. They receive the seed so gladly.

Grownups so often become hard, cloddy, brambly, stony soil where much seed cannot grow. They listen dully "as a tale that is told." They say of idealism, "Fine talk, but it won't work out in real life."

I like to organize these children into Flashlight Clubs, and make them see they are human flashlights, and that they can all succeed by letting their talents shine. I get them to write me letters telling what they are going to do in life, and why. They have written me hundreds of letters that newspapers like to print as the literature of inspiration.

I keep telling them, "Children, you have what the world hungers for—youth, hope, love. You can keep it. The world thinks that as the years pass you must lose it, but that is not true. Just

go on developing naturally, finding your 'thimbles,' rubbing Aladdin's lamp. Then the world will continue to be an ever-unfolding playground and paradise. These hard, hopeless, 'disillusioned' faces were once the same innocent, hopeful, happy faces you have.

"Some day we may meet again. I shall ask you, 'Have you succeeded?'

"Do not reply, 'Oh, yes, I have succeeded. See my big house up there on the hill.' I shall not care very much whether you live in a big house or a little house. That will not be the proof of your success. Some of the most unsuccessful people live in some of the biggest houses.

"Do not reply, 'Oh, yes, I have succeeded. See my name on the front page of the paper.' That is not the proof of your success. Some of the greatest failures get their names in the paper in the biggest type. Getting your name in the paper merely means that you have done something unusual enough for people to want to read about you. The surest way to get into most papers is to steal a horse. The surest way to keep out is to be honest.

"Do not reply, 'Oh, yes, I have succeeded. See the high society I move in.' Child, that will be one of the proofs you haven't succeeded, if you are idle enough to do much moving in society.

"Do not say, 'Oh, yes, I have succeeded. See

the great fortune I am accumulating.' I shall ask you if you are working to make it accumulate, or it is just accumulating because you like to work. The dead-line runs between the two. And I shall think you have failed if you tell me of the accumulating before you tell me of your work.

"I hope you will have these things—big houses, publicity, social standing, riches—if you can become great enough to have them without them having you. For riches, fame, influence and material things are tools, mighty tools in working out our natural development. Do not get the idea that goodness means poverty and badness means riches. As we get wisdom and understanding, like Solomon of old, we get long life, riches and honor.

"But you will not have to answer a word. I look over a field of wheat and see whether it looks yellow; parched, bare in spots, or see that it is growing luxuriantly. So I shall look in your face and read your success in the light of enthusiasm, hope and happiness shining there."

* * *

"Burying Bryan"

America is rich in gentlemen. But one of the most derided and maligned of them all got off the train the other day in the St. Louis Terminal Sta-

tion. I looked in his face and saw the same serenity and power I saw in it a few years ago when he got off a train in that same station and there was such a jam of people to see him the police could hardly keep them back. He was coming to the national convention of his party for which he had so often been the standardbearer, and his leadership in the approaching battle drew the crowd.

But now he was leading no political fight, hence there was no crowd, no shouting, and the papers came out that day telling how Bryan had fallen. They have been busy burying William Jennings Bryan year after year these decades. And he has gone calmly on his way, undisturbed and unruffled. He has been true to his own conscience. Whether you agree or disagree with Mr. Bryan in his course or his teachings, you cannot help respecting his moral courage. He has gone on these years with the simple faith of the child and proclaimed and lived the fundamentals of righteousness as he has seen them. This much-buried Bryan has grown from a man to an institution.

“Have you noted that almost every cause I have advocated all these years has been written into the law of our land by one or the other party?” he said that day. “And if I live twenty years longer I shall see the other three prevail—national

prohibition, national woman suffrage, and world peace.”

“The common people heard him gladly.” And today wherever Mr. Bryan goes to speak, there the people flock to hear him. He has been called the greatest living orator. His oratory is but the light that shines from a great life.

A Chicago paper recently said that the power of J. Pierpont Morgan, the great financier, passed at his death, but the power of Mr. Bryan would last twenty years in this land after his death.

Such a life is a gleam of the success Big Business teaches.

* * *

Irrigate!

When I was a boy in school, the map of the United States was easier studied than today. The western half was a great white expanse called, “Great American Desert.” It produced little. It had few towns or human habitations. People who traveled over it came back east and wrote books about “Western Wilds,” and agents got five dollars for the book. How I used to read “Western Wilds” and thrill over the Indian fighting and lonely adventures and gold hunting and buffalo shooting! Little did I think I should ever travel

this wild country and find there cities abreast of the world in progress, and whole states leading the Union in literacy.

That map showed just one railroad across the West, and the Government helped to build it. Statesmen said the Government's investment in that road would be money wasted. Nothing could come out of that sand and sagebrush, fit only for the savage and the coyote.

I am only a youngster yet—in heart—but in these few years I have seen a dozen railroads cross the West and vein it with a network of branch lines. The "Great American Desert" had been waiting these ages for the touch of water and cultivation. All the elements were waiting there these ages to become gardens of prosperity.

Today I see the map of humanity, the last "Great American Desert." It is tired, discouraged, thirsty, hungry. It asks for bread and gets a stone. It feeds on the husks. It looks Outside instead of Inside. I know that every part of this desert can bloom into the green garden of happiness as the light of the heavenly vision is seen. The button is within everybody's reach. The batteries wait to be turned on. Irrigate!

I know that failure and disappointment can be overcome. I know that troubles can be turned into blessings. The grain of sand was a trouble that pushed into the oyster's shell. It could not

push it out, so it covered it with beauty and turned it into a pearl. I know that every trouble, handicap and burden we cannot cure we can turn into a jewel to deck the walls of our house of life.

And I know that it is not a matter of brains or brilliancy or location, for the dumbest oyster down in the dark sea-bottom can make a finer pearl than the smartest scientist in his endowed laboratory.

* * *

World a Playground School

Years I have dreamed of a playground school, where nobody would work, but everybody would play all day—every day a holiday. Where there would be no blockheads. Where every bird would sing, every bud would blossom, every fish would swim. Where the shops and all mills would be studios. Where all would be masters, because all would be artist servants.

Visionary! Impractical!

Now it comes to me more and more that the Nazarene Schoolmaster came to turn this world into such a school. It is all around us now. The multitudes are in the shops—restless millions—hungry for teaching. The school is already founded; the need is for me to attend it.

Our playground begins with the toys around mother's knee. It expands into the tops and

marbles around our dooryard. Then it widens out into the school playground and the college campus. And presently we are on the farm or in the home, or in the bank, the office, the store or the shop, with the community our playground.

The years merely enlarge our playground and bring better, bigger games. The fence merely expands. The toys of childhood become too small. The tools of later years soon dull. The structures decay and fall. The pictures fade. The microscope reaches its untimely limit. The telescope falls short in reaching for the infinite.

Then to be happier, GO ON ENLARGING YOUR PLAYGROUND!

Each year tells me more surely that the playground will widen as we learn to play the greater games. And we shall build the structures that will not fall, with the tools that will not dull. We shall paint the pictures that will not fade. The great Playmaster has them ready for us when we are ready for them.

* * *

This the Philosopher's Stone

All the restless ages have sought the Philosopher's Stone whose touch would transmute all things into gold.

We had looked Outside. Here it is in everybody's life, Inside. Big Business I have called it in this talk. It turns everything it touches into pure gold. It transforms kitchen walls into palace halls. It transforms the gross into the glorious. It makes the serf a sovereign. It turns hopeless drudgery into hopeful service. It turns necessity into privilege. It gives power to the powerless. It teaches that nothing is unworthy, no work contemptible, no life undeserving. It shows the child its path, the man his privilege, the veteran his victory. It opens blind eyes, unstops deaf ears. It dissolves the world's system of caste and writes a new dictionary of meanings.

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